

# The Nation

Vol. XXV., No. 25.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week

AFTER the knock-out blow, Utopia. There is to be a new world, purged of Huns, Dynasts, Bolsheviks, Sinn Feiners, militarists, slum landlords, Mr. Smillie, Liberal editors, and other enemies of Mr. Lloyd George. The Prime Minister has drawn two pictures of this rosy universe. The first appeared in his new organ, "The Future," which may be had gratis on the bookstalls. The second was addressed to an enthusiastic meeting of members of the International Brotherhood Congress. Mr. George's new world rests for the present on good words. They might have been addressed to Europe at a time when it was dying for the want of them. But then Mr. George was silent, or spoke in a different strain. He now expects them to lead us on to the "land of promise." Under their spell, the slums, "great armaments," drunkenness, poverty, ignorance, waste of every kind, wrong and tyranny (including our Irish "misunderstanding") will "disappear." Mr. George's supporters in the Sunday Press conclude that what he is thinking of is not so much a new world as a new Government. This indeed would seem to be essential. Mr. George himself has always enjoyed some reputation as a Latter Day Saint, or at least as a Futurist. But the warmest admirers of Lord Curzon or Lord Milner would hesitate to rank them among the Millenarians.

For our part, we are quite willing that Mr. George should drop the Tory party, if they adhere to the old order, and put forward a scheme of reconstruction. But, if he is sincere and has made up his mind, he must quit mere words and act in the direction in which democratic thought is moving. That may fairly be defined as follows. The people are for a peace of reconciliation, accompanied by disarmament, and resting on free trade and a democratic League of Nations, to which every belligerent will have free and equal admission. They call for honest finance, based on graduated taxes, and a return of the mass of war-profits to the public Treasury. They are for the two experiments in nationalization which the Government's handling of the railways

and the mines has made inevitable. They are for a broad treaty with Labor, springing from the policy of joint industrial control. And they would aim at the democratic, if not the equalitarian state, whose pillars are the common school and University. Such a society will tolerate no slums, no great estates, and none of the more conspicuous inequalities of present-day living. To which of the changes of structure it calls for does Mr. George subscribe? Broadly speaking, they would end class rule. Well, that is the new world of Mr. George's dreams, and there is no other.

THE visit of Mr. Lloyd George to Paris and the meeting of the Supreme Council has led to yet another "mystification" about Russia. After the conclave a brief official statement, drafted in the most pontifical style, was purveyed by the competent British authority to all the British correspondents in Paris. In this it was stated that the Council "agrees with the British policy of evacuation," disapproves of "Russian adventures," and "profoundly believes that the future of the Russian people must be settled by themselves, provided they respect the rights of their neighbors." This may now be taken as an authentic statement of what Mr. Lloyd George believes his Russian policy to be, or perhaps of what he wishes the British public to suppose that it is. But why does he attribute it to the Supreme Council? The "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent states that the Americans and the French know nothing whatever of any decision in this sense, or even of any decision at all, and they deny that the Council discussed Russia. The "Morning Post" corroborates his statement, and adds that the Italians know no more than any other Ally. The "Echo de Paris" gives a formal denial to the British communication, and the rest of the French press ignores it. Apparently Mr. Lloyd George has repeated the tactics which he followed in the matter of the Kaiser's trial in London. He has taken the agreement of his colleagues for granted, and announced it to the world. Perhaps this is no great matter, for the whole burden of intervention in Russia is on our shoulders. But it darkens, if that were possible, the atmosphere of untruths in which we live.

THE statement then, if it amounts to anything at all, is a reflection of British policy, which means the Prime Minister's policy, for the Cabinet has not met of late. What precisely it means we must each guess for ourselves. Presumably, it disposes of the rather general suspicion that the Archangel force is going to march out by way of Petrograd, and it may mean, as an honest use of such words ought to mean, that no further help will be given to the Counter-Revolution. Apart from the influence of the Widnes election, the Trade Union Congress, and the campaign of the "Daily Express," what has brought Mr. Lloyd George to repudiate the Churchill policy is doubtless the defection of the Baltic States. The formal peace negotiations between Esthonia and Soviet Russia began on Sunday, and go beyond a mere truce, for commercial questions as well as frontiers are under discussion. Latvia and Lithuania have meanwhile associated themselves with the Esthonian

move, and these three States are forming a Baltic Alliance. Finland, realizing that the Red Army might march on Helsingfors, if it were secure on the South-West of Petrograd, is also said to be anxious to join in the general peace. Apart from the fact that the Bolsheviks will thus be free to use a big force elsewhere, peace on this front would involve the breakdown of the blockade. The land route to Berlin would be open and also (if Finland joins) communications with Sweden. Mr. Lloyd George is doubtless astute enough to realize that this would mean the end of the "Russian adventure" which he now so naively regrets.

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YET another offer of peace is known to be on its way from Lenin to the Entente. The bearer is Mr. Goode, the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent, one of the many persons whom the Bolsheviks are said to have murdered. It was, however, the Estonians who imprisoned him: released from their prison he is now "detained" (or is it "interned"?) on board a British destroyer. The terms which he brings with him will eventually arrive, but they are not likely to differ much from those previously offered through Mr. Litvinoff, Mr. Ransome, and Mr. Bullitt. The Bolsheviks seem to be the only people whose terms do not vary with their military position. They are now about to be relieved of the war on the Archangel and Petrograd fronts: they have got possession of the coal and iron of the Ufa district, have driven Koltchak to Tobolsk, and may soon be secure again in the cotton-producing district of Turkestan. Their economic and military positions have both improved enormously, but they are still obliged to expend their resources in the war against Denikin, and they experience more than the usual vicissitudes of war. Even Koltchak has secured a real success this week in a counter-offensive on his left, while Denikin's forces have won a hotly-contested three days' battle round Tsaritsyn. The Ukraine is once more lost to the Soviets. It would be premature, however, to count it a permanent gain to Denikin and Russian Imperialism, for Petliura and his nationalist army is still in being, and is by no means reconciled to Denikin, or disposed to be merged in a reconstituted Russian Empire. On the whole the military situation of the Bolsheviks is likely to improve, and nothing is to be gained by delaying recognition of peace.

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WE discuss elsewhere the spirited evidence of Mr. Bullitt before the American Senate. Mr. Bullitt went to Paris as one of Mr. Wilson's expert staff, and like the rest of us, he believed in Mr. Wilson. He kept his beliefs in everything but Mr. Wilson amid the cynicism of Paris, and after his resignation resolved to explode the whole fabric of secret diplomacy by the ruthless revelation of all that he had learned. Like Lenin's publication of the Secret Treaties it is, of course, something of a breach with the conventions, but it is only by calculated indecorum that conventions which serve the infidelities of statesmen can be destroyed. The telegraphed reports probably minimize the gravity of these disclosures. The reported opinion of Mr. Lansing that the American people would reject the Treaty if it understood it, accords with all that is known or guessed about his real attitude. The text of Article X. of the Covenant, as Mr. Wilson first presented it, exhibits more clearly than anything else the magnitude of his defeat. He drafted a clause which makes frontiers dependent on the consent of peoples: he accepted a clause which binds the League to maintain the *status quo*. Mr. Bullitt's

narrative of his mission to Moscow is extremely vivacious. Mr. Wilson sent him out with Mr. George's approval. When he came home Mr. Wilson's "single-track mind" was busy with something else: Mr. George quailed before Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Churchill: and Koltchak was supposed to be nearing Moscow. All this we know; what is more novel to Americans than to his own countrymen is the amusing tale of Mr. George's minor perfidies towards the man whom he privately consulted and publicly disavowed.

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MR. BULLITT's final statement of his relations with Mr. George does no discredit to that gentleman's judgment, however much it reflects on his policy. The Prime Minister told him that he was against military intervention, for the troops would mutiny (this happened to the French in Odessa—in spite of Denikin's "democracy"). He thought the idea of crushing Bolshevism by military force was pure madness, and he did not believe in the cordon, for it would starve foes and friends alike. And he had no faith in Denikin or Koltchak on the ground that the latter was a Monarchist and the former "occupied a little backyard near the Black Sea." In spite of this view Mr. George's Government *did* intervene in Russia, *did* try to crush Bolshevism by force, and *did* give aid and countenance to Koltchak and Denikin. Why? Did Mr. Churchill then over-rule Mr. George? And does he still dictate our policy in Russia?

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THE Supreme Council, which ought to have discussed Russia but did not, was in fact busied with Syria. There are, before competing claims can be settled in this region, no less than four separate Secret Treaties to be disposed of, each incompatible with the other three. There is no doubt that the Arabs, outside the Lebanon, are opposed to the prospect of French rule, and may resist it. The Council, however, has reached a provisional decision which will relieve the dangerous tension between ourselves and the French. From November 1st the occupying force in Syria is to be French, and the British garrison will withdraw. The possession of the really contentious points is not as yet decided. Mosul remains in our hands in spite of the Treaty which assigned it to France, while Damascus, Aleppo, and Homs are left in Arab possession. Palestine (with what precise frontiers we do not know) is left under British control. These dispositions, it is said, are provisional, pending the decision of America on mandates. But we had understood that mandates lay in the gift not of the Allies but of the League of Nations? The awkwardness of these arrangements lies in the fact that while the Arab Emir Feisal of Damascus will have to acknowledge some sort of French overlordship, he has hitherto been our *protégé*, was our darling in Paris, and has made no attempt whatever to conceal his hostility to the French. The occupation will demand considerable French forces at a moment when French troops show no zeal for service overseas.

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THE Widnes Election has given the Government the heaviest blow it has sustained. For Widnes is in the heart of Tory Lancashire, where the ultimate strength of the reaction usually resides. In 1918 Labor could only poll 7,821 votes. Its strength has now risen to 11,404 votes, while that of Toryism has declined from 11,515 votes to 10,417. This would seem to show that while the pure Tory vote recedes, a progressive-Labor vote can almost anywhere control an election. In Widnes there

was, of course, a large Liberal contribution. Mr. Henderson now chooses to forget this, and intervenes at Rusholme (not an industrial constituency) to help a weak Labor candidature and destroy a strong Liberal one. That almost inevitably presents the seat to Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Henderson may not intend the consequence of his act, but it means that, and may also imply the design of Labor to try and govern alone and in hostility to all the other parties.

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HUNGARY does not appear to be among the subjects which the Supreme Council discussed. The reign of terror under the Roumanians continues. There now come the rumors which were to be expected, that the arrested Socialists are being murdered in prison. Among them there are some men like Dr. Lukacs, the brilliant young philosopher who undertook a daring reconstruction of the educational system of Hungary. His death would be a loss to European idealism. Corpses have begun to float down the Danube in large numbers. What is now to be settled is apparently the issue of two rival intrigues, one French and the other Italian, each aiming at bringing Hungary within its military system of alliances. So far the Italian "pull" seems the stronger. In Roumania and Jugo-Slavia meanwhile, the Premiers have both resigned as a protest against the Peace Treaty which requires them to accept the control of the League of Nations. It remains to be seen whether their successors will sign without reservations.

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THE Bulgarian Treaty seems to follow the unimaginative line of all the other Treaties proceeding from Paris. It stops the Bulgarian march to the sea at the Rhodope Mountains, though there is a vague promise of future access to the Ægean, we suppose through Dedeagatch, excludes her from Macedonia, a great part of which is Bulgarian, and gives Serbia some territory in the neighborhood of Strumnitza. The country is not to be required to pay her debt to Germany, but she must accept a heavy indemnity in the shape of war "reparations." Bulgaria did not behave well during the war (she owed nothing to Russia, though a little to England). But she is too virile a State to keep within the bounds now assigned her.

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THE poet D'Annunzio, inspired by the example of Dr. Jameson (or shall we say Garibaldi?), has placed himself at the head of a considerable force of Italian grenadiers and storm-troops, and has rushed Fiume. Its commander found himself deserted by his garrison, and after threatening to shoot D'Annunzio, ended by embracing him. This comedy has of course been denounced in suitable language by the Italian Prime Minister Nitti, but the press writes much as our own did about Dr. Jameson. We doubt whether any serious consequences will follow. The Supreme Council, indeed, is said to have decided that the city of Fiume must belong to Italy, while the port goes to the League of Nations. That is a better decision than most of its compromises, but will Mr. Wilson accept it? Fiume has so far seemed to be the one territorial problem in Europe which touched him. As Mr. Bullitt put it, he let them murder his mother, but he stubbornly shielded his pet rabbit. So many millions of civilized men have been bartered, that the rest of us fail to grasp the overwhelming importance of this town of 20,000. There is better news from Dalmatia, which the Italians are at length evacuating.

THE stress laid upon increased productivity and free importation as a means of lowering prices by enlarging supplies must not lead us to ignore the other side of the price equation. That is the quantity of money. Mr. F. C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclay's Bank, makes an important proposal in Tuesday's "Times" for reducing the quantity of inflation from which our present currency is suffering. He points out the dangerous part played by the enormous quantity of uncovered currency notes (amounting to some 330 million pounds), and urges immediate legislation to increase the gold backing, first from its present low percentage of some 8.7 per cent. to 10 per cent., and gradually by a series of increases to 20 per cent., 30 per cent. and so on, until the whole issue is put upon a permanently sound basis. At present, as the "Times" pointed out in an article supporting the letter, the issue of this unsound currency lies in the arbitrary control of the persons who are responsible for spending it. Mr. Chamberlain a few weeks ago admitted that the malpractice was still going on. It is idle to talk about the dangerous state of the Exchange and the risk of national bankruptcy as long as the manufacture of money is still carried on as a means of financing policy. Nor does this issue of currency notes stand alone. The whole policy by which the Government during the war and ever since has stimulated the banks to create credits, in order to support the genuine subscriptions to Government loans by sham money, has been one of the worst features of its "business management."

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It is impossible for any English reader to go through the full report of the conference on August 19th, between President Wilson and the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate without a feeling of stupefaction. This applies particularly to the passage-of-arms over the Secret Treaties. Recall the pivotal dates. The Balfour Mission was in Washington a few weeks after the United States entered the war. On March 4th, 1918, Mr. Balfour stated in Parliament that Mr. Wilson was fully informed about the treaties. Lenin and Trotsky came into power in the November following, and the publication of the Secret Treaties began at once. They were quoted in the English and American Press, and reproduced in full by the New York "Evening Post" in January, 1918.

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On January 8th Mr. Wilson produced the Fourteen Points. Questioned in the Foreign Relations Committee by Senators Borah and Johnson, Mr. Wilson made the following statements: that not only the Japan-British Treaty respecting Shantung, but "the whole series of understandings" between the Allies, were made known to him for the first time after he arrived in Paris; that he knew nothing, officially or unofficially, before going to the Peace Conference, of the treaty which brought Italy into the war, the treaty with Roumania, the agreements made with France, in the winter of 1917, as to the eastern frontiers of Germany, the Saar Valley, and the left bank of the Rhine; and the Fourteen Points were drafted in ignorance of the treaties. Further, Mr. Wilson told the Committee that, so far as he knew, the United States Government had not made any inquiry into the secret agreements, with which the Press of the world was ringing, although on August 6th Mr. Lansing had informed the same committee that the treaties disclosed by Lenin and Trotsky had all been reported by the American Embassy in Russia.



## Politics and Affairs.

### TOWARDS PEACE WITH RUSSIA.

THE artless formula in which the Supreme Council of the Allies is made to announce that it is tired of "Russian adventures" is destined to run round the civilized globe, scattering bewilderment as it travels. Is it authentic? The French and Americans know nothing of it. How much does it mean? It conveys at least one positive item of information. "The Council has agreed to the British policy of evacuation." That is welcome news, but the oddest part of it is that Mr. Lloyd George should have felt it necessary in September to go to Paris to obtain the consent of his colleagues to evacuation. That "policy" was foreshadowed in March by Mr. Churchill, who repeated his pledge to evacuate Russia in June and again in July. What are we to make of this fresh decision? Are we to suppose that the earlier pledge meant nothing, whereas now at last we have something that we can trust? Or are we to take it that "the British policy of evacuation" now means a withdrawal more complete and effective than had ever been contemplated before? Perhaps the idea of "retiring" through Petrograd has been abandoned? Perhaps the "missions" and the "instructors" are to be withdrawn as well as the combatant units? Perhaps the subsidies in money and munitions are to cease? The edifying moral commonplace which is tacked on to the one definite sentence seems to invite the larger interpretation. The Council, we are told, "profoundly believes that the future of the Russian people must be settled by themselves, provided that the rights of their neighbors are respected." As an essay in "saving face" this is clumsy, for no human being could possibly square the Council's profound belief in Russia's right to settle her own destiny with its conduct in levying active war during the past year on the Soviet Government with tanks and poison gas, with ships and aeroplanes, and with armies, black, white, and yellow, drawn from all the races of mankind.

That the Council (if it really did discuss Russia at all) has in some degree found salvation is, however, clear enough. After the signal triumph of Mr. Henderson at Widnes, our Prime Minister has evidently made up his mind to flee from the electoral wrath to come. False to himself he can never be, and his embarrassment is only to choose the self to which he will be true. It is doubtless a combination of forces which has driven him back to the self which proposed the meeting at Prinkipo, signed the humane letter to Nansen, and encouraged Mr. Bullitt's mission to Moscow. If it were Mr. Churchill and the "Daily Mail" which turned him from conciliation in the spring, it may now be Mr. Bonar Law and the "Daily Express" which have brought him back to it. The summer that has been wasted in fruitless fighting at the cost of gallant British lives and uncounted thousands of Russian dead, has served to show not merely that British opinion is against this adventure, but also that the smaller States on the Russian border will have nothing further to do with it. The Estonians, Letts, and Lithuanians have been watching the Russian "Whites" on their soil for several months, and a close

acquaintance has bred the usual desire to be rid of them. They are now engaged in making their peace with the Bolsheviks. Mr. Lloyd George, in short, has postponed his peaceful decision until it was imposed upon him by events.

We shall not pursue the unprofitable exercise of guessing what Mr. Lloyd George and the Supreme Council may be pleased to mean. To do so would imply a belief that they mean anything. In its vagueness, its confusion, and its sudden righteousness, the communication is doubtless a faithful picture of Mr. Lloyd George's mind. That mind was not framed by nature to construct a policy towards Russia. What it evolves in this and every other emergency is rather an electioneering cry, a sketch of a tendency in accordance with the supposed drift of the popular mind. The public wants to be bothered no longer with Russia, and we gravely question whether the most exact phonographic record of the deliberations of the Supreme Five (if any deliberations took place) would carry us further than that. Now there are regions of the earth which might be treated on that principle for years on end without disaster. No great harm would be done if the Supreme Five omitted to mention Bolivia for the next decade, even among themselves. One cannot simply turn away from Russia as an unpleasant topic. Our troops have not yet left Archangel or the Caucasus. Our "missions" are still with Denikin and Koltchak. The seas are laden with the transports which carry their sinews of war. There is a German army of adventurers waiting in Courland for the estates which were promised it as a reward for fighting the Bolsheviks. The Eastern frontiers of Poland and Rumania have still to be drawn. The decision has still to be taken whether Ukrainia exists as an independent State, and if so to what extent and under what Hetman, Brigand, President, or Soviet. Are the Japanese to remain in Siberia? Above all, our fleet is still blockading the Neva, and excluding not merely the medicines and the machinery which Russia requires, but also depriving us of the flax and timber which the Russians would gladly supply to a very needy world.

Not one of these questions can be evaded for long, and none of them can be settled finally, until we have made up our minds what is our attitude to the Soviet Republic. If we no longer make war upon it, do we make peace with it? Or are we, pulled this way by the "Mail" and that way by the "Express," to take some middle course, not quite blockade, and not quite recognition—some sort of sufferance or toleration?

Two factors will in the long run settle this question. In the first place, the new rage for economy cannot for much longer be satisfied at the expense of the harmless flapper. The Supreme Ruler is the more expensive and the less amusing luxury. If we stop our subsidies in money and kind, Koltchak and Denikin must make peace with Lenin or else await extinction within a measurable time. In the second place, when the Baltic States have made their peace with the Soviet Republic, the trade routes will be open, at least by land, from Berlin to Petrograd. Whatever terms Lenin may grant or accept, we may assume that he will stipulate for the right to use the railway and the Baltic ports for through trade. In that event the Germans and the Scandinavian neutrals will



have access to Russian raw materials, which will be exchanged against their machinery and scientific skill. Even the Poles, bitterly hostile though they may be, will want to sell their textiles once more in the Russian market. With this economic "recognition" it will be out of our power to interfere. To attempt to do so would be an act of flagrant immorality, for the resumption of Russo-German trade will do more than anything else to bring about some return of prosperity to the starving and workless millions of both nations. We wish to see this trade resumed, and should be the last to grudge to the Germans the benefit they will derive from it, but it would be folly, both from a political and from a commercial standpoint, to leave them a monopoly of this intercourse. The resumption of trade, however, involves the recognition of the *de facto* government of Russia, for there must be consuls to watch over it, and some processes of law to govern it. It is a muddled notion that "recognition" involves some kind of approval of the government with which we treat. We "recognized" Abdul Hamid at his worst, and even multiplied consuls when massacre was at its height, not because we condoned them, but because the presence of foreign official observers was some check upon them. It may be said that our agents had much to suffer before they were finally withdrawn from Soviet Russia. Those who make that objection may not be aware that some of our agents were engaged in organising sabotage against Russian railways and ships. If both sides are prepared for the observance at least of the outward decencies of civilized intercourse, recognition need present no difficulties. We, on our side, must stop fomenting "White" conspiracies: the Russians, on theirs, must cease to subsidize "Red" revolts outside their own borders.

For our part we hold that the world may have to adjust itself to the permanence of the Soviet system in Russia. Much that has been denounced as a vice in that system is not peculiarly Bolshevik, but simply Russian. Both sides have been guilty of cruelty and murder. What else could one expect when one remembers that Peter the Great used to behead heretics with his own hands, while Western Europe admired the *Roi Soleil*? What else could have followed Tsarist tortures and pogroms but the answering terrorist assassinations? Is speculation in Russia wild, impractical, and extreme? It always was so, alike in the alternate orgies and self-mutilations of Holy Russia and in the negations of Nihilism. Is there confusion, mal-administration, famine? There never was competence or plenty in the old days. With an unrivalled genius for some forms of art and for unsystematic speculation, the Russians were never a capable people in the world of action and organization.

To us the amazement is, that in spite of the blockade, in spite of constant civil and foreign wars, in spite of the hostility of a part of its educated class, Soviet Russia has evolved an administration which in some directions has shown real capacity. It has built a fairly good fighting machine out of the chaotic and demoralized army of 1917. It has salvaged some industries out of the riotous confusion of its own early phase. Struggling with war, disease, and famine, it has none the less done for science and education what no Government has even

dreamed of doing since the spring time of the French Revolution. That was the gist of a recent report by a French savant to the French Academy of Sciences. We are confessedly dwelling only on one side of the picture and ignoring its black shadows. One other fact requires to be emphasized. The main thing that the Soviet Republic has done, from the standpoint of nine Russians out of ten, is that it has given the land to the peasants. That problem, far more fundamental in Russian history than the problem of political freedom, has been solved and solved so permanently than even Denikin and Koltchak seek in their proclamations, whether honestly or dishonestly, to convey the impression that they will not undo the work that Lenin has done in the village. The Soviet system is open to grave theoretical objections from the Liberal standpoint, and its record is stained with violence and oppression, but it has to its credit an achievement which can be compared only with the liberation of the serfs. That great deed saved Tsardom for two generations. The solution of the land question is a moral asset on which the Soviet Republic may conceivably live as long. There will, of course, be evolution, and there may be rapid change. If once the more moderate elements which have rallied to Lenin, only because they fear the restoration of Tsardom by Koltchak and resent the interference of foreign armies, are relieved from these alarms, there will be within the Republic itself an Opposition which is neither reactionary nor unpatriotic. In any event we may share the "profound belief" of the Supreme Council that Russia must guide her future evolution by her own wits and her own reading of her best interests. If that belief is as sincere as it was deeply buried in the breasts of the Supreme Five, the conclusion must be promptly drawn. Our subsidies to the counter-revolution must cease: our blockade must be lifted. From those two decisions the step to formal peace is inevitable.

#### THE WAR AGAINST IRELAND.

Two events of supreme importance in the Irish struggle have taken place during the last few days. One is that Lord French, acting presumably on behalf of the democratically elected British Parliament, has suppressed a democratically elected Irish Parliament at the point of the bayonet. Not for more than a hundred years has the conquest of Ireland been more openly and symbolically proclaimed. The Bolsheviks have been denounced for suppressing a Constituent Assembly in their own country. The British Government has gone a step further: it has broken up a Constituent Assembly in a small neighboring country that lay more helplessly at its mercy than did Belgium at the mercy of Germany. Constitutionalists who care only for the letter may soothe themselves with the pretence that there is no comparison between the Duma and the *Dáil Eireann*. The difference between them, in point of fact, lies chiefly in the spelling. The *Dáil Eireann*, whatever may be thought of it, is the Parliament the Irish people have elected for themselves on exactly the same principles on which the British people have elected the House of Commons. A similar assembly would be recognized by the Peace Conference as a national Parliament, if it were unearthed in any nation in Europe outside the British Empire. Mr. Ian Macpherson told an American interviewer the other day that, while Mr. Lloyd George had accepted Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, he did not

accept them for the British Empire. It was thought necessary, no doubt, to preserve Ireland as a sort of Alsatia, in which the misdeeds of Imperialism would still have a refuge and a run. Certainly, there is no part of Europe left in which Imperialism stalks so unabashed. Mr. Churchill's adventure in Russia at least attempted to mask itself as an experiment in chivalry and democracy. Lord French's adventure in Ireland is an undisguised and even boastful outrage on human freedom.

The other event is of a more hopeful kind. Insufficient attention has been paid in England to the fact that at the Trades Union Congress a resolution was passed in favor of Irish self-determination. This, unless one is mistaken, is the first occasion on which any great democratic assembly of Englishmen has accepted the full logic of democracy in regard to Ireland. Hitherto, largely owing to an international situation that involved the coloring of the map according to the needs of strategy rather than of democracy, the English people have been practically unanimous in their resolve to limit the freedom of Ireland, so far as seemed necessary, to their own national security. The Unionists were Unionists for strategic ends. The Liberals were Home Rulers on the understanding that Home Rule would increase instead of diminishing the strategic Unionism of these islands. The overthrow of Germany, however, and the hope of a new world have transformed not only the international situation, but international ideas. What appeared impossible a few years ago is now seen to be but a natural consequence of the establishment of a League of Nations. The right of every civilized people to choose its own rulers is accepted as a right not subject to limitation by the strategy of the strong. The current theory of self-determination goes as far beyond the theory that underlay the various Home Rule Bills as the last Franchise Act went beyond the Reform Act of 1832. It is not that the idea of absolute national sovereignty has grown stronger. It is that the League of Nations has taken the place of the great Empires as the sole force with the right to impose limitations on national sovereignty. Empires of a kind will still remain, but they will, so far as the civilized races embraced by them are concerned, be voluntary federations of free peoples. The League of Nations, as Mr. Wells has said, must supersede Empire in the old sense. Every nation must, so far as it does not conflict with the interests of the common League of Nations, be permitted to choose its own form of Government. This the Trades Unionists see.

This being so, it is clearly a mistake on the part of men of the Liberal faith to treat the present Republican movement in Ireland as a sort of temporary lunacy. It is as well to recognize that Republicanism in Ireland has probably come to stay. If Ireland ceases to be Republican, it will only be as a result of being allowed to be a Republic if she wishes. She may choose a constitution inside the British Empire, but, if she does, it will be as a result of self-determination and of an attempt to reconcile the wishes of Unionist Ulster with the unity of Ireland. Irishmen, like Englishmen and other Europeans, have considerably expanded their theory of self-determination during the last five years. During the greater part of a century Republicanism was the creed of only a minority of Irishmen. It was a dream of revolutionaries, not a policy of average men. In a world of rival Empires, it seemed a dream so impossible of achievement that few men outside the ranks of the physical force party troubled their heads about it. The most famous leaders of the last century, O'Connell, Parnell and Redmond, did not even desire a republic. To them the Irish question presented itself more or less as a

question of constitutional reform. They were opposed to separatism in the same way as Mr. Henderson is opposed to Bolshevism. They desired to free Ireland without disturbing the balance of the old world.

If the Irish people is now Republican, this is due to several reasons. One is the restoration of physical force to Irish politics by Sir Edward Carson. Sir Edward Carson put revolutionary weapons in the people's hands, and with revolutionary weapons came revolutionary ideas. Even so, the Republican policy would not have swept the country before the war. With the war, however, came an end to the balance of the old world. All over Europe, little nations that had hitherto aspired modestly to Home Rule, began to dream of a larger freedom. They were not only not discouraged—they were warmly encouraged—in this by Allied statesmen. We have seen a Home Rule Bohemia under the Home Rule leader, Dr. Masaryk, transformed as by magic into a Tchecho-Slovak Republic under a Republican leader—the same Dr. Masaryk. We have been told that the Balance of Power is dead, and that the reign of force is to give place to the reign of fair play under the supervision of the League of Nations. Irishmen have seen this doctrine applied to the subject nations of one great Empire after another. The German, the Austrian, and the Russian Empires have all ceased to exist, and a lively family of independent republics has taken their place. Irishmen are not aware of any natural inferiority to Poles, Finns, or Bohemians that should preclude them from possessing equal rights of freedom. They are Republicans from a sense of human equality as much as from any other reason. Even Mr. Arthur Griffith, the originator of the Sinn Fein movement, who a few years ago accepted the O'Connell policy of the restoration of Grattan's Parliament, now calls himself a Republican. Many who would otherwise have hesitated to join the new movement were driven into it by the treatment of the insurgent leaders after the Easter Week rebellion. The many executions at that fatal time convinced them that England still regarded Ireland with the hostility of a conqueror, and that there was no alternative but to undo the conquest. "Not to repeal the Union but the Conquest," was the motto the revolutionary journalist, Fintan Lalor, had given his countrymen seventy years before. Ireland did not believe in the necessity of it then. She believes in it now.

Thus, in the Republican movement in Ireland, we see a natural enough result of current democratic ideas, intensified by Carsonism, the war, and the policy of the British Cabinet. It is essentially a Liberal movement, and yet Mr. Lloyd George has no policy in regard to it but to crush it. His policy is really that of Lord North to the American colonies. Lord North's policy was described by Horace Walpole at the time as "a wretched farce of fear, daubed over with airs of bullying." Could there be a more apt description of what is happening in Ireland to-day? Dublin Castle has simply run amok. Its latest exploit is to smash the machinery of "The Cork Examiner," the most important Redmondite and pro-Ally newspaper in Ireland south of the Liffey. It is the Government, not the Irish people, that has gone mad.

#### THE MINERS' CASE.

LOOKING back upon last week's Trades Union Congress, we are able to draw hopeful conclusions from the manner in which the very important issues under discussion were decided. This time at any rate, the Congress did

its work wisely and in such a way as to inspire a growing confidence in the capacity of Labor to assume and exercise responsibility. There was a much greater sense of reality about the proceedings at Glasgow than there has been at previous Congresses: the delegates seemed to be conscious that they were dealing not with abstract or academic resolutions, but with vital issues of policy; and this consciousness introduced a fresh life and interest into their debates. With the results there is certainly no reason to be dissatisfied. The Congress has avoided committing itself to a dangerous generalization for or against "Direct Action" in the abstract. At the same time its proceedings have made it certain both that every effort will be made to exhaust all other methods before "Direct Action" is resorted to, and that "Direct Action," if it ever comes, will be directed to an appeal to the country, rather than to the enforcement of any limited and specific object. The "Direct Action" issue has not been settled, but it has been greatly clarified, by the debates of last week.

Apart from "Direct Action," the main interest centres, of course, round the very definite challenge flung down to the Government on the question of mine nationalization. The Congress resolution is extraordinarily definite, and foreshadows the coming of a great internal struggle. Everything depends, however, on the manner in which this struggle is waged, and on the use which the miners and Labor generally make of the months which are likely to elapse before a decisive point in the struggle is reached. Labor has shown, beyond all possible doubt, that it is virtually unanimous in favor of immediate national ownership with joint control of the mines. But while this unanimity of Labor can prevent any satisfactory reconstruction of the mining industry under private ownership, it is not by itself able to secure a system of national ownership or the satisfactory operation of such a system, if it is established. A large part of the general public, and of the technicians and administrators whose services are essential to the mining industry, is in a condition of suspended judgment, ready to be convinced, but not yet convinced, that national ownership with joint control will either serve the public efficiently or allow sufficient scope for the enterprise and ability of the brainworker in the development of the industry as a public service. It is, above all, to these sections of the community that the miners and Labor generally must make their appeal, if they wish to secure national ownership and joint control as the fruits rather of a reasonable conviction than of force.

The evidence presented before the Coal Industry Commission was enough, and more than enough, to discredit the present system of ownership and management. It revealed vast waste of valuable natural resources; and it showed that the mine manager and the expert, so far from receiving reasonable conditions and remuneration under the present system, suffer under it. It showed also that the whole body of manual workers is acutely discontented both with the system of private ownership and with the working of the forms of State Control inaugurated during the war.

Labor, however, faces the obstacle which confronts all those who run counter to great vested interests. However truly its proposals may be designed to benefit the whole community and not merely itself, it cannot help appearing in the guise of an aggressor and disturber of the public peace. Even if its demand can be regarded as a plea for the better organization of the mining industry, it still appears as a threat held by Labor over the head of the community. It is clearly desirable that, if we

are to make the change from one system of organizing production to another, we should do so rather because we believe the change to be for the better than because we deem it best to yield to force. The virtually unanimous opinion of Labor that national ownership and joint control are necessary means that already, quite apart from force, a substantial proportion of the nation is convinced that the change ought to be made. The miners have now some months which they ought to use in spreading their propaganda, and, especially in persuading the brainworkers to accept the idea of co-operation with the manual workers in control. With national ownership and control of prices as safeguards against profiteering and excessive charges, the doubters still demand an assurance that the elements essential to the industry will pull together.

There are, indeed, formidable difficulties in the way of spreading this necessary unity of workers by hand and brain. The differences of outlook and tradition, the opposing "snubbishnesses" of the middle-class and of the working class, are not, however, the most formidable. The plain fact is that the brain-workers are frightened. They are inclined to oppose change because it seems to threaten insecurity in place of the comparative, though very limited, security which they have hitherto possessed. The younger members of the "salaried" are, in many cases, very sympathetic to the claims of Labor. But, if they declare their sympathy and Labor still fails to secure its objective, they fear that they will be marked men and that, if they are not driven from their jobs, they will at any rate forfeit their best chance of promotion. They fear too that, if they throw in their lot with Labor, they may only exchange one taskmaster for another, and find no greater freedom or fuller recognition under public ownership than they have found under the present system.

Yet there is much that the miners, and Labor generally, can do to counteract the impression that the manual workers do not adequately recognize the claims or functions of the brainworkers. The Labor Party bases itself explicitly upon an alliance of workers by hand and brain, and although the progress towards making this alliance a reality is lamentably slow, the foundations are being laid. The miners have the chance of making the first steps towards this alliance in the industrial field. They have to show to the public and to the brainworkers themselves that they realize to the full the importance of operating ability in the direction of industry, and that their claim to a share in control is firmly based upon the idea of a close co-operation with it. The evidence presented before the Coal Commission during the second stage of its proceedings, when it is carefully read, shows that this is the idea with which the miners are working. But there should be no need for careful reading to establish such a point. It should be placed and kept constantly by the miners in the very forefront of their propaganda. Their first object should be to convince the public that their aim is to make the mining industry an *efficient public service*, and that they realize the impossibility of doing this without that close co-operation of workers by hand and brain which the present system does not permit. The public wants to be assured that national ownership, in the form in which the miners desire it, will not perpetuate the old hostilities, and at the same time introduce a new deadening influence. They will believe this in proportion as they understand that the manual workers are willing to assign to "management" its proper place in control. It may be true that the miners have been advocating nationalization for twenty years and more. But have not their ideas of what is meant by nationaliza-



tion undergone a very substantial modification during this period, and especially during the last few years? Did they not once advocate bureaucratic nationalization (or State management), which the public has always disliked, and are they not now advocating an anti-bureaucratic form of national ownership with joint control? Surely there is a wide difference between these programmes, and the argument for the new form of nationalization without bureaucracy should be most fully and clearly stated to the public.

#### MR. GEORGE AS BILLY SUNDAY.

ON a coarse ill-printed sheet, made up to resemble the commoner of the illustrated Sunday papers, the Prime Minister addresses his latest message to the British people. The paper is called "The Future," and its place of issue is the "Literary Department" of Mr. George's Whips' office. Its object, however, would appear to be less in the nature of literature than advertisement. He who likes such things may have them, like a sample cigarette, without money and without price, and count among his treasures *three* portraits of Mr. George, one frowning defiance of the Hun, the other two smiling the smile that never comes off the hoardings. What possessor of these pearls would refuse *one* portrait of some minor celebrities of Mr. George's retinue, with specimens of their unexhilarating prose and gentle reminders of their work for democracy? Gaze then, ye masses, on the speaking features of Mr. Barnes and Dr. Addison, tribunes of the people, and be consoled for the absence of Walter Long, a mere patrician. Rejoice in a Government which institutes "tribunals to detect and punish profiteering" and sells milk at a shilling a quart; restores "trade union conditions," and keeps a spy department for trade unionists; stops "the increase of rents," and fills the landlords' pockets; gives the policeman "better pay and conditions of service," and turns the key on his union. And be not unduly alarmed if "The Future" seems to favor one section of Mr. George's administration at the expense of another. All will be well. "The old world," proclaims Mr. George, "must and will come to an end," and the old worldlings with it. So look to the Prime Minister converting Mr. Walter Long into "The Merry Peasant," and putting Lord Curzon on a reduced allowance of footmen.

Well, well! I confess that if anybody but Mr. George had written the manifesto which appears in "The Future" I should have regarded it as a piece of unmitigated humbug. A new world, indeed! What world? Lenin's world? He, like Mr. George, would abolish "squalor," "penury," "anxiety," and "wretchedness," and clear the world of "slums," "sweating," "unemployment," "despair," "entrenched selfishness," and "waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth." Every impressive indictment of industrial society (like Marx's Communist Manifesto) is wont to weave such rhetoric into the sombre pattern of revolutionary thought. But Mr. George turned Bolshevik! The Prime Minister is head of a Government three parts reactionary, and a party four parts out of five profiteer or vested interest. He returned to France refreshed by an election in which he used every art to crush Labor and reduce Liberalism to a Rump. The "world" that his Government sustains lives not on ideals, but on "pulls," trusts, subsidies, commissions, arranged tariffs, concessions for capitalism in undeveloped territories. A "new" world, forsooth! There may be

something "new" in trying to rule a country by self-advertisement. But there is nothing "new" in war, except its bigness, or the Secret Treaties, or a ruthless peace, or a diplomacy as dark and futile as a mystery of Isis. Socialism, with its basis in a purely industrial order and form of government, is new as an intellectual vision of our political society; self-determination may fairly be called the most explosive element in the old. But what was Mr. George's greeting to Soviet Russia and insurgent Ireland? Much the same as his reception of the claim of our own non-Socialist miners to the nationalization of their industry. That is a modest effort to "shore up" the old world with a prop or two from the new. But Mr. George will have none of it. His method is bombs for Bolsheviks and bayonets for Sinn Feiners. What better fate is reserved for Mr. Smillie should he, too, prove insusceptible to the Georgian spell?

In Mr. George's mouth this talk is not the conscious insincerity that it seems. It is merely the effort of his barometric mind to adjust itself to the coming change of weather. Does his reading point to storms? Then he is Bolshevik or reactionist, obedient to the judgment of the hour, formed with the rapidity of a born equilibrist. Thus he is for all policies and for none. He will play penitent or prodigal with equal zest, chaffer with Lenin or destroy him, bind himself with hoops of steel to the Tories, and fling a line to Labor. Joined to this moral irresponsibility is the essential shortness of Mr. George's intellectual vision. His lath and plaster paradise rises gaily from the wreck of war, when other men are content to raise a brick or two from the ruins and lay with deliberate toil the foundations for a new society of hope and ideas. And his rhetoric covers only the thinnest efforts at actual reconstruction. The refreshing fruit of his famous Budget was a land tax that was barely worth the collecting, his post-war bills are trifles, and his speeches fail to reveal a single broad or durable conception of Government or financial reform. His journalist's mind, running at express speed along an unending line of "stunts," feeds itself and others with the deception that it is thinking for them, instead of skilfully reacting to their impulses.

Mr. George feels for the people; he pities their lot and would remedy it. But sentimentalism drops its tear and passes on. Mr. George exaggerates. His picture of an utterly broken working-class is not a true description of their after-war state. Even London is not all slums, and the workman is passing out of the eleemosynary stage which excites his sympathies, and furnished the palliatives of his Radical days, into membership of an ordered society. Mr. George's mind, bare of the constructive and imaginative faculty, does not rise to this conception of the democratic State; and if he smashes the present state of things, it will be in pure inadvertence. Hence he has no party, and returns from Paris one of the loneliest men in England. To whom can he resort? Labor and Liberalism will have none of him, and are renewing their organizations and framing their programmes in complete independence. Toryism chafes him, and in its turn fears lest its Little Wonder should, after all, prove a bit of a Bolshevik. For "sweating," "unemployment," "slums," and "entrenched selfishness" do, in the last resort, analyse down into landlords, capitalists, protectionists, and profiteers, and these again into Tory England. For the moment Mr. George takes a hand in "shoring" it all up; but then there is no telling when he might let it all down.

So though the Prime Minister keeps a gay booth in Vanity Fair, he lives a little dangerously,

for himself and for others. His Press falls from him, and so we have this funny little broadsheet, paid for and circulated, not indeed with public money, but out of a kind of Prime Minister's fund. From Jacobinism to Directorate, from Directorate to what? As the pace of his career increases, the list of its victims multiplies—it stretches from Mr. Asquith to Mr. Henderson, from Mr. Keynes to Mr. Bullitt. *Gare à qui le touche!* Let him beware who comes between the Prime Minister and the newest object of his ambition. Who is next for the tumbrel? Mr. Bonar Law? Mr. Churchill? Lord Curzon? Landlordism and the Old Tory Party? Or, maybe, himself.

H. W. M.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MR. GEORGE'S defeat at Widnes explains Mr. George's manifesto; for Widnes is much more of a message of defeat even than the handwriting of Hull. It is next door to Liverpool, and if Liverpool goes, little dry land is to be found for the Prime Minister's foot between the Mersey and the Thames. Bar the Universities and a few "class" constituencies in London and elsewhere, there is no reason why the flood of Opposition should not roll through the country and sink the Ministry of 1918, much as it wiped out Liberalism and Labor. So Mr. George appeals for a new earth, meaning, say his Sabbath interpreters, to provide himself with a new Government. But what kind of a Government? Labor makes no sign, and the only motion in his Liberal wing is towards reunion with Mr. Asquith. Therefore, think the prophets, the Prime Minister will try again, and postponing his new creation for a while, apply himself to the more mundane task of tripping Labor's heels over direct action. The calculation is a simple one. Mr. George will resist nationalization, and, treating the demand for it as a kind of robbery under arms, appeal to the country. His programme of the eight hours day, and insurance against unemployment, will then assure him support among the moderate workmen. This in turn, and after an anti-Bolshevist election, will give him three years of power, which he will use to destroy Toryism, and settle with his old enemies, the landlords. That is the Georgian picture, lit up with an enlivening glow of refreshing fruit, and provided with an ample background of earthquake politics.

THERE is, of course, another explanation of the manifesto in "The Future" and the address to the Brotherhood Congress. Mr. George may have decided on an immediate break with Toryism and a purge of its representatives in his Government. No one thinks of him as a stalwart against nationalization. Judging by Lord Selborne's letter and the manifesto of the Unionist members, the Tory party is. That may be a proof of its scant wisdom, for if the possessing classes were wise, they would take nationalization, lest a worse thing befall them, and dealing with Labor when it is in the mood and the way, make a compromise with the existing order. That is Mr. George's usual method, and he is the only man who could apply it to the existing Parliamentary situation. But Tories are not often wise, and in any case the Prime Minister may not think them so. Certainly he has challenged them. But he has done so before, and they have not budged, and they may now elect to treat his "message" as rhetoric,

camouflage, or a passing fit of Georgian idealism. We shall see.

BUT now that Mr. George has started on the millenarian way, may I respectfully direct his attention to one lion in the path? That is the militarism of his War Office. We have just emerged from the most dreadful war that ever was fought. Nearly a million British boys have been killed in it; scores of thousands have been maimed for life. Yet the hoardings of London are red with incitements to join the fighting forces, in every one of which soldiering (the soldiering of the trenches!) is pictured as the most delightful of callings, full of travel and adventure, and joyous capers through a sunlit life. I suppose the theory is that this is the alternative to conscription. But it is an appeal for an army of hundreds of thousands in a world of war.

A STREET-VENDOR was selling umbrellas. He was a skilful seller, and the umbrellas went well. A friend of mine bought one. It had a silver handle. The handle came off as my friend turned the corner of the street. It was made of tin-foil.

MANY free politicians, other than party Liberals, will be surprised to hear of Mr. Henderson's proposal to go down to Rusholme and support Dr. Dunstan's candidature against Mr. Pringle's. The Labor Party must, of course, take its own course, which in this case seems to be rather a foolish one. The centre of the fight against the Government is in Parliament, where it is extremely weak, not to say futile, and where Mr. Pringle's brilliant abilities would be very much at its service. But it might well have chosen another representative than Mr. Henderson. I suppose there are over 1,000 Liberal votes in Widnes, and as they were given to him, he owes his election to their assistance. He might have taken the position that he wanted no Liberal help. But he happens to have accepted it and thanked the people who organized and tendered it. It therefore seems to be a matter of personal honor for him to explain the connection between his mission to Rusholme and his speech of acknowledgment to the Labor and Liberal electors who returned him at Widnes.

THOSE who knew Mr. Bullitt in Paris will not readily let his name be scrambled over with abuse from Downing Street. Mr. Bullitt is no "booster," and no sensational journalist. I have rarely met a more sympathetic and vital figure. The most brilliant and the best known member of the staff at the Hotel Crillon, he was deep in Colonel House's confidence, and did his spade-work with the thoroughness and skilled enthusiasm with which he worked for a democratic Treaty and for peace with Socialist Russia. When he failed at the first task, and saw the Treaty going from bad to worse, he was on the point of resigning and going back to Philadelphia in despair. I and others urged him to remain, and he turned to Russia, again with his chief's full assent and approval, and I am sure with Mr. George's sympathy. He is reproached with repeating confidential talk. It is hard to see what other remedy was left him when Mr. George tossed him over with a careless word, and dismissed his mission as if it were a freak of boyish quixotry. A civil service is, of course, under a normal pledge to live in the background. But if it is loyal to that compact, and to its chiefs in the foreground, the condition is that its chiefs must be loyal to it. How was this observed when Mr. George stripped the Bullitt

Mission of every ounce of value, and practically denied its existence? Yet in substance the Bullitt policy was Mr. George's policy too, pursued (as usual) up to the point when it became difficult, and then turned down by him and the always inconstant President. A man may be silent under a personal wrong. But Mr. Bullitt was making history. Under the secret system of Paris, every opening to freedom was shut down. The Bullitt mission was the most important of them all. And, thanks to Mr. Bullitt, it is the only one which can be thoroughly explored.

I AM not greatly in love with war-films, but I make a well-merited exception in favor of Mr. Lowell Thomas's pictures of Allenby's Eastern Campaign. Somehow, overdone with soldiering, popular fancy has all but missed its two romantic figures, Allenby and Lawrence. Allenby's capture of Jerusalem, his gift of organization, his wonderful strategy in Northern Palestine, and his way with Orientals, exhibit him as perhaps the one soldier-statesman of the war. But Lawrence, save for his masterly squiring of the Emir Feisul at Paris, has remained almost unknown. Yet if Mr. Thomas's picture of him is correct, we must look on this small *chétif* figure as on a Clive of the twentieth century. With one qualification. Clive kept the Empire he won; Lawrence will have to surrender a good part of his to France. It was all very thrilling; a feat of moral conquest no less than of arms, a proud witness of the living genius of Britain. But unless we ruin ourselves by imposing conscription, or tempting half our boys to soldiering in the East, as the War Office is tempting them to-day, this dazzling adventure will soon be lost in the sands of Araby. That is the Nemesis of the war. Time will have little of its better fruit, or of its evil. I suppose we shall keep Mesopotamia, though we want no more Empires. And what will Arab Syria make of hers, under the domineering eye of France?

I AM always interested in Mr. Shortt's impromptu sketches of Ministerial policy. He is not quite such an artist as his chief—Mr. George's touch about the "young American" would be beyond him—but he paints with a good broad brush. It was Mr. Shortt, for example—"plain Edward Shortt" as he described himself at Newcastle—who told the House of Commons that the idea of any Bolshevik negotiations or suggestions having been sent to Paris was a manufacture of the Huns. Apparently there was no one to contradict him. But Newcastle was a little more sceptical. It seems to have received in silence Mr. Shortt's testimonial to Denikin as "one of the best democrats in Europe." But when Mr. Shortt suggested that it was time to recollect their great "Liberal principles," one of his hearers asked him whether he had not voted for Imperial Preference, and another wanted to know about the new "secret police service for spying on the Labour movement." Mr. Shortt replied that there was not a word of truth in the story. If that is the case, Mr. Shortt will have no objection to saying what is the truth about the new secret service branch; and what his own office relations were with Mr. Watson, now in one of his Majesty's gaols. If this information is not volunteered, the Labor party may be able to extract it.

APROPOS of the history of spies in England, my readers may be interested to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's new book, "The Skilled Laborer, 1760-1852," will contain a complete account of the story

of Oliver, and of the spy system under Mr. Shortt's predecessor, Sidmouth. The book describes the civil war carried on a century ago between the workpeople and the ruling classes who made the Industrial Revolution, and the efforts that the workmen made to escape final enslavement. The Luddite disturbances are also fully described.

My postbag brings me the following frank Philistinism, addressed:—

TO ALL CUBISTS AND FUTURISTS.

"The fault may be mine, I admit it at once,  
I'm an old fashioned fogey, a Philistine dunce,  
But although you may think me an absolute ass,  
I am certain that green is the color of grass,  
It really is.

"The sky might be better if purple and black,  
Or a replica, say, of our own Union Jack,  
Or striped like a zebra, or covered with spots,  
Or, roughly, the tint of unsound apricots,  
But it isn't.

"The wall of a house, you may take it from me,  
Is commonly straight, like the back of a D,  
The tower of a church is most usually found  
With its base undeniably fixed to the ground,  
I assure you it is.

"The face of a man may be handsome or plain,  
It may look sagacious, it may look inane,  
But it never consists of an eyebrow alone,  
Or a nose by itself, or a tooth on its own,  
Simply never.

"I am sure that you live unimpeachable lives,  
In respectable homes with adorable wives;  
Every one of you may be a God-fearing saint,  
You are odious only because you will paint.  
Pray don't."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE CHURCHES IN THE WAR.

In the rude dramatization of war for the civilian people the "padre" has had a fairly conspicuous rôle, and the attitude of Tommy towards this functionary of the spiritual life has been a frequent topic of reflective or of humorous comment. But merely journalistic or literary treatment of such a topic is not likely to yield much reliable testimony of a representative kind. This consideration gives importance to the results of a more orderly enquiry made by a committee of clergy and laymen of various denominations into the religion of our army as disclosed in the stress of the war. Nearly three hundred memoranda, based on the evidence of many hundred witnesses, were obtained from men of all ranks, "Generals down to privates, chaplains, doctors, nurses, hut leaders and workers," and a careful sifting of the material thus got has yielded a very interesting Report, drafted by Dr. Cairns, and published, with a Preface by the Bishop of Winchester, under the title, "The Army and Religion" (Macmillan & Co.).

Directed to ascertain "What the men are thinking about Religion, Morality, and Society," "The Changes in moral and religious outlook made by the War," and "The Relation of the Men to the Churches," and bearing in mind that the "men" in question are the virile portion of the nation, the confession before us has deep significance. On every page it bears the mark of a confession. For, though there are wide divergencies and contradictions in some matters of valuation, there is everywhere a frank agreement upon two fundamental judgments. The first is that Christianity in any acknowledged sense has very little hold indeed upon the great majority of the men. The second is that the Churches have a heavy and a prime responsibility for this failure. Indeed, the admission of their dereliction of



duty in this failure appears to us too abject, for a reason to which we will presently advert.

But it stands out as plainly as possible that the Churches, as omnipresent institutions in our land, with their traditional prestige and the spiritual influences they claim to exercise, have a quite negligible interest or meaning for the mass of our men. It is not that this belief has been assailed by any tide of scepticism, that there is any positive rejection of creeds. Indeed, there is an interesting consensus of evidence in favor of the view that there is a dim sort of religious consciousness generally prevalent. But it belongs to what would be called the sphere of natural rather than of revealed religion, and has no dogmatic or ecclesiastical attachment. A saying, to which this enquiry gives just prominence, holds that "The soldier has got religion, I am not so sure that he has got Christianity." What religion has he "got"? If "got" implies a firm and conscious possession, it is too strong a term to describe the vague flicker of beliefs and feelings revealed by this "cloud" of witness. There is, however, by general assent, a belief in God and a "respect" for the character of Jesus Christ. But in both cases the conception of these beings and of the part they play in the moral government of the world is quite vague, while the particular tenets of the Christian faith with its scheme of salvation have no place whatever in their mind. "They have not the foggiest notion of what it is all about." The Incarnation and Atonement mean nothing to them.

This discovery of complete ignorance of the Christian teaching for which the Churches are responsible is infinitely disconcerting, and there is an illuminating sentence by a Wesleyan chaplain to the effect that "The men largely miss Christ through lack of reliable information about Him." This criticism, indeed, may be extended into the admission that the failure of the Churches to put Christianity into the men, and their nation, may be due, in part at any rate, to a failure to impart "reliable information." The vagueness of this "elemental religion" found among the men is often expressed by speaking of the "unreality" of the religion of the Churches to them. And there is an admission that this "unreality" is largely not the fault of the men, but of the Churches. They have not made themselves sufficiently "real."

"To sum up a good deal of evidence, we seem to have left the impression on them that there is little or no life in the Church at all, that it is an antiquated and decaying institution, standing by dogmas expressed in archaic language, and utterly out of touch with modern thought and living experience."

When the vague natural religion of the men seizes upon any reality, it is generally the magical element that appeals to them. So the Bible is often carried as a mascot, and the sacrament and the act of prayer are prophylactic charms. Most men, however, live and fight in a dim spiritual atmosphere of indifference. So far as conscious reflection enters at all, it brings a feeling of fatality impressed by the sense of their utter impotence as "things" caught in the machinery of war and devoid of will and responsibility.

And here we approach the heart of the matter. For men in modern war not only religion, but politics and every other sphere of personal conduct, is numbed and paralyzed. They cannot think or feel much about anything except the immediate things they have to do or suffer. And these belong to the "material" side of war. No doubt peace has her materialism no less than war, and we hear much from these clergymen about the materialism of the age in which we are living and how it saps the sources of the higher life. But the materialism of war is overwhelming and must reduce all spiritual life to its lowest terms.

While everywhere there will be rare natures whose spiritual experience will be ripened and enriched by mystical interpretations of the terrible trials of faith through which they and mankind with them are passing, the ordinary mind of the uneducated classes will be reduced to chaos and a self-preserving sanity of indifference before such a terrible and unintelligible procession of events. But where a tougher "will to think" survives, we are presented with the utter

impotence of the Churches before the secular probings of the Book of Job.

Where is the Almighty Father in this business?

Why did God permit the war?

Why are the innocent punished along with the guilty?

These questions are met, or rather parried, by quite futile talk about the duty of the Churches to relate the responsibility of God to "the existence of free human personalities living under a moral order," and to "vitalize" the great doctrines of the Christian Churches. We speak of the talk as futile, because in it we read no added power or willingness to do now or in the future what the Churches have consistently failed to do in the past: to make the spirit of Christianity vital in the Western peoples. For, in order to test the spirit of Christianity it must be presented, not in its Western institutional and national alloys, but in the absoluteness of its original appeal to the power of love and the spiritual equality of mankind. Speaking quite candidly, we do not know whether the fully spiritual and ethical religion of Jesus can be successfully implanted in our Western breasts. For the trouble has always been that not merely has our conduct fallen short of our spiritual ideals, but these ideals themselves have never been distinctively Christian. A Scottish officer very well expresses the actual religion which he finds as "patriotism and valor tinged with chivalry and at the best merely colored with sentiment and emotion borrowed from Christianity."

This is the ideal which Malory puts into the mouth of Sir Ector:—

"Ah, Lancelot," he said, "thou were head of all Christian knights; and now, I dare say," said Sir Ector, "thou Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear to the rest."

This is still "the Christian knight" in all essentials, and our Churches have always played down to this distinctively pagan worship, and the attempts to blend with it selected strains of oriental mysticism and asceticism, and to soften it with the human beauties of the personality of Jesus have gone far towards producing that sense of "unreality" which all the witnesses admit.

These padres have complained that such religion as they find is not Christian. The men may properly retort the charge upon the Churches. And they do. The minority whose thought on such matters is at all alive are putting trenchant questions. What did the Churches do during the war to give effect to Christ's teaching? Or more specifically—What did the ministers of the gospel of love do (1) to keep down hate and the propaganda of hate? (2) to favor the earliest possibility of a good peace? (3) to urge just and healing terms in the peace that was imposed? Our newspapers this week are full of headlines of the aspirations of the Churches towards the "Brotherhood of Nations." Where has this sense of Brotherhood been lying during the last five years, when brother has been stamping out the life of brother and spitting poison at him across the spiritual and material barriers? The representatives of the Churches here confess "We could do little: we would like to have done more, but we were so weak; our want of earnest, strenuous endeavor in the past deprived us of the faith in ourselves and others needed for any great work." They add, "We must do better in the future."

But will they? Here, as always, they raise the cry "Materialism." But what is materialism? It is the preference of the physical to the spiritual, the worship of the dead substance instead of the living power. Now materialism, as an operative element in the art of life, means the reliance upon physical instead of moral force. Thus war is the supreme exhibition of materialism. For though the antinomy of physical and spiritual force may not be ultimate and absolute, the charge of materialism,

so far as it is valid, consists in the reversion to a course of conduct in which spiritual influences are at a minimum. And this is war, where the settlement of the profoundest issues, involving the justice and happiness of men, are submitted to a strictly materialistic determination. Perhaps the worst moral feature in such a process is the juggling sophistication by which statesmen, peoples, and above all their spiritual pastors and masters, persuade themselves and others that the real combatants are spiritual ideals and that somehow ordeal by battle still holds good as an orderly process in the moral government of the world.

It is the utter and complete failure of the Churches, as reflected even in the well-meaning spiritual fumbling of such an Enquiry as lies before us, to perceive the incompatibility of the two terms Army and Religion, which they thus bring together, that is the crowning proof of that "unreality" which they admit is the charge the soldiers bring against the Christianity of the Churches. How could it be otherwise? The presentation of Christ in khaki at the front carries a feeling of moral and intellectual blasphemy to most sincere-minded men and women, which is not really overcome, though it may be modified, by the deep conviction of the inherent righteousness of "our cause" which is always entertained by all the warring nations who introduce on to the battlefield their tribal gods, with an equal insistence that this time the tribal cause is that of unconditioned justice and humanity. War may or may not be an eternal necessity. We hold that it is not. But if and so long as it be necessary, let Christianity be kept out of the affair, and above all let nobody pretend that anything but evil to the spiritual life can come out of this devil's game. We feel certain that this is the representative feeling of the men who have been players in this game. The failure to perceive the validity of this judgment, attested by the failure in this Enquiry even to confront this ultimate spiritual issue, is the most searching commentary upon the condition of the Christian Churches. Though the disability to confront the issue may well inhere in the situation as envisaged by the Churches, it is of the gravest urgency that the earnest men and women, who have everywhere been shaken from their attachments by the growing conviction of the failure of the Churches, shall recognize the nature of that failure in the betrayal of the spiritual cause of the ascent of man of which the Churches have been guilty.

#### ANOTHER OF THE RACE.

In any case the scenes of Palestine and Arabia now being shown by Mr. Lowell Thomas at Covent Garden would be of extraordinary interest. Of quite peculiar interest, indeed, to English and Scottish people, whose knowledge of ancient history and "foreign parts" is still founded on the Bible, and usually limited to it. People like to see and be told about what they know already, and here one sees and hears about Egypt and the pyramids which the children of Israel saw; and the Desert of Sinai through which they wandered; and Gaza of the Philistines, where, we were told, Samson strolled in the moonlight along the shore with Delilah; and Bethlehem, and Joppa, and Damascus, and Jerusalem itself with its Mount of Olives—all names familiar from childhood to every man and woman present. So familiar that no one is puzzled for a moment at hearing that the train running along the new railway from Egypt through the desert to Palestine is called by our soldiers the "Milk and Honey Express." Long and embittered have been the contests over religious education in our schools, but the education has its results.

And we are shown, besides, myriads of locusts consuming every green thing ("the years that the locusts have eaten"), and great flocks of storks winging up from Egypt to devour them—one of old Nature's ways of correcting an erratum in her text. And then there is Petra—"a rose-red city" certainly, but by no means "half as old as time"; not anything like half as old, for the style of architecture seems to be very debased

Hellenic. And in and out of all these scenes, amid Arabs and Greeks and Soudanese and nameless mixtures, move the British soldiers, inquisitive, glad to learn, but unperturbed, unimpressed as usual. It was a remarkable campaign, and this week of September should always be remembered as the anniversary of the most brilliant and decisive victory in the war—the victory which ended the war with Turkey, and shut the back door of Central Europe's fortress, as the Dardanelles campaign might have shut it, if the Cabinet at home had only realized its value. Those who, fifteen years ago, observed Allenby's command of the cavalry (he was then Colonel of the 5th Lancers) when French made his dash upon Colchester from the sea, thought they divined the touch of soldierly genius in the man, and he has not disappointed them.

But everyone has been hearing the praise of Field-Marshal Lord Allenby this week, and praise not for his military genius alone. To-day we would rather speak of one whose name was hardly known before the war, except perhaps in a small academic circle of archaeological students. Until we listened to Mr. Lowell Thomas in Covent Garden we knew very little of Colonel Thomas Lawrence—"Shereef Lawrence"—beyond the name. And that is not wonderful, since he is endowed with an unusual grace of modesty, and we are told that, when he discovered he was to receive decorations in Egypt, he jumped into an aeroplane and followed the course of the Israelites across the deserts of Sinai, no doubt singing to himself, "Oh for the wings of a dove!" Some tell us that modesty is the mark of genius. We think of Victor Hugo, the elder Dumas, and Bernard Shaw, none of whom has lived half hidden from the eye, and we will only say that modesty is perhaps rarer than genius, though sometimes combined with it. In Colonel Lawrence we seem to find the combination, and the quality of his genius is of peculiar interest to English people.

We are told that he was a young Oxford man, whom the beginning of the war found pottering about the Euphrates, studying archaeology and Arabic, of which, indeed, he was already a master. A small man (5ft. 3in. in height), beardless, easily passing for a woman in Arab dress, but so careless of appearances that, even when he got into British uniform, he neither knew nor cared how many stars he had on his shoulder straps, nor whether he had three on one strap and none on the other. Entirely ignorant of military art, yet possessing such knowledge of the Arabs and their country that some General, who must have been gifted with an almost inconceivable genius for disregarding War Office etiquette, resolved to put him to use in the service, and apparently sent him down to Arabia proper. There the Arabs made him a "Prince of Mecca," which we are told is as high a title as it sounds. He was attached to the staff of Emir Feisul, and gathered a random army of 200,000 men, Bedouins and other Arabs. A random army, indeed, it must have been, if we may judge from the pictures of the white-robed hosts wandering in haphazard crowds, without any attempt at formation, over the rocky hills. But somehow or other he led them up through Petra to join Allenby in the north of Palestine, occupied Damascus under his command, and ruled it as Governor. In any case, it was a remarkable exploit for a young Oxford student.

But the most remarkable part of the story is the young man's personal influence over an untamed, half-barbarous, and exclusive people. It has lately been the fashion to extol the Arabs as a noble race longing for freedom and self-determination, capable of unity and respectable self-government. Those who have known the Arabs at first hand do not speak of them so smoothly. Readers of Major Sandes' book "In Kut and Captivity," for instance, will remember that, however much the British soldier hated the Turk, he hated the Arab (even as an ally) twenty times more—hated him for his treachery, his meanness, his cruelty. Yet it was among these Arabs that Colonel Lawrence exerted so peculiar an influence that they served him as their king, regarded him as a prophet, and endowed him with something of supernatural power. His modesty, his indifference to

dress and personal state, even his ignorance of military science (from the appearance of his army we must assume that he was incapable of saying "Form Fours"!)—all such things do not seem to have mattered in the least. There appears to have hung a magic "aura" about the man, a "dæmonic" quality, something of that "authority" which even mad Lear retained. But Colonel Lawrence is modest, as we have seen, and we will turn to other instances.

Arabs seem to be unusually susceptible to such influence. One thinks at once of Lady Hester Stanhope, accepted by them as a prophetess, and known now chiefly by Kinglake's ironic description in "Eothen." And next one thinks of Richard Burton, who went to Mecca; and of Charles Doughty, who dwelt in Arabia; and of Charles Gordon, who ruled the Soudan; and of Wilfrid Blunt and Lady Anne Blunt. For influence among other races one thinks of Herbert Edwardes in the Punjab; of John Nicholson, the Irishman, whose worship is said still to linger among the mountains of the North-West Frontier (and what would we not give to have either of them in the Punjab now!); or again, if we have followed Balkan history, we may think of the Miss Durham whom Albanians salute as their "Kralitza" or Queen; and if only the wisdom of the old Powers had selected her instead of that unadventurous Prince of Wied, how different the east coast of the Adriatic would be looking to-day. Some of these peculiar people have been what the official mind calls "injudicious." Some, though animated by the best intentions, have displayed extreme violence of temper. But it is noticeable how many qualities, especially literary qualities, many have shared with the character once attributed to Richard Burton by a biographer:—

"The fashion of calling all explorers and adventurous people Elizabethan has been overdone, but Burton might be more fairly called Elizabethan than most, for with his love of adventure there was mingled a delight in language, and an inexhaustible curiosity for observing unusual forms of life and literature. He had a touch of the poet's imagination and love of phrase, together with more than a touch of the scholar's love of knowledge, and his pleasure in various tongues. But for the restless blood of adventure, he might possibly have been an imaginative writer; he would almost certainly have been a professorial monument of erudition. But louder than poetry, louder even than outlandish learning, the call of adventure summoned him. He refused to specialize; he refused to divorce knowledge from reality, or to take life at second-hand from whole libraries of other people's experience. He lived what he knew."

What writers most of those whom we mentioned in passing have been—Burton himself, Doughty, Wilfrid Blunt, Herbert Edwardes, Miss Durham! What concrete and solid style, as of people always in the presence of stiff reality. And then there is Livingstone, the greatest of all in that dæmonic influence—so great that only a few years ago an Englishman, passing through the same country that Livingstone explored in the middle of last century was almost worshipped by the natives because he had a somewhat similar name. What a strength of writing Livingstone had!

But for the most typical example of the character that we have in mind, perhaps, after all, we must go to Charles Gordon. In him we see a spirit that could dominate two widely different races, and be acclaimed as something superhuman by China and the Soudan. A man of strange contradictions—a very gentle, perfect, and passionately violent knight; endowed with self-suppression's virtue, and a terrifying portent to officials; a tender philanthropist, and a relentless soldier; intrepid to recklessness alike in war and archæology; an alert and practical dreamer; shabby in dress and proud as a peacock; lost in crazy theories and never doubtful of the next step; a scholar guided in history by the Bible alone; a writer who wondered why people gave a dinner to him and not to those who wanted it. Perhaps we are not the only country that produces queer people of this kind, but we think they spring rather more abundantly from these islands than elsewhere. If so, what is the cause? Is it our "contrairy" climate, making every day an adventure? Or is it that puzzling contest of Teuton and

Celt always at daggers-drawn within our souls? As the poet sings:—

"In my heart it has not died,  
The war that sleeps on Severn side;  
They cease not fighting east and west,  
On the marches of my breast."

Strange are the issues of that inward warfare, often unaccountable to ourselves, usually irritating to our logical enemies and friends.

#### A SITUATION FOR CINDERELLA.

To kill the goose that lays the golden eggs is a common human tendency. But the full moral of the affecting little story does not seem to have been grasped by the author. He derides the shortsightedness which destroyed the source of wealth. But it never entered his head that the goose (a beautiful bird) had any uses than as a bit of money-making machinery. So with Science. It is a mechanism which ranks highest in its wealth-producing capacity. The popular attention has been caught by its obvious merits as the war revealed them. An activity which slaughters men in more ways and in greater numbers than they have ever been slaughtered before, is obviously a real addition to human resources. Mechanical engineering, in its production of aeroplanes and tanks, electrical engineering, in its production of sound-ranging devices, and chemistry, in its production of poison gas, have all had a tremendous advertisement. The possibilities of applied science were loudly proclaimed long before 1914; eloquent speeches, prophesying unheard-of improvements in all sorts of industries, were delivered before all sorts of scientific societies. Nobody paid much attention. British manufacturers as a whole were sturdily contemptuous of "theory," and politicians could not be expected to concern themselves with matters which could not be made effective election issues.

But when the war came, a real life and death issue, it became necessary to employ every weapon. Gradually politicians and War Office officials were made aware of the fact that the countless machines used in war had something to do with science. So, slowly and reluctantly, they called in the man of science. They did not give him a free hand, of course; they obstructed him in every possible way. Nevertheless they officially recognized that science had its uses and that, in certain departments, it was indispensable. In the meantime the manufacturers, eager to supplant Germany, became a little anxious as to their ability to do so. Now it was notorious that the Germans, in their barbaric fidelity to their material interests, had applied science to industry and on a huge scale. Therefore science must provide the solution to the manufacturers' difficulties. The extraordinary efficiency of the new maid-of-all-work impressed everybody. The useful creature must be encouraged. There occurred a complete change of heart. Vast sums of money are to be spent on her nurture. She is to be provided with splendid laboratories, and innumerable young men are to be encouraged to spend their lives in bringing her up. There are reasons to doubt, however, whether the result will be worth the outlay.

In the first place, a careful study of the scheme for the endowment of science leads one to suspect that the new general servant is to be kept in her place. She is to be trained as an extremely efficient servant. Occupations which have no very direct bearing on future efficiency will not be regarded with too much favor. The hussy has to earn her living. Now it is advisable to point out that this scheme is very likely to fail. Very few scientific discoveries of great practical importance originated in a deliberate attempt to conduct researches with a practical end in view. Faraday, who made the dynamo possible, and Maxwell, who led the way to wireless telegraphy, were no more actuated by practical considerations than St. Paul was concerned to create salaries for archbishops. It is quite likely, of course, that a deliberate search for "useful" results will be successful. But the history of scientific research does not encourage one to hope that results of the first importance



will be obtained in this way. The fact is that the universe is still very unexpected. The searcher for "practical" results must be guided by probabilities; he cannot afford to spend much time on apparently unpromising and remote lines of research. To the pure man of science, however, the only criterion is one of interest, and just because he is able to wander down entirely new paths is he more likely to make a really new and revolutionary discovery. And it is perfectly possible that this new discovery will contain implications of the greatest importance to the manufacturer. It would, in the long run, probably be more to his interest to endow pure science than applied science. The same remark holds good, of course, of the application of science to war. It would be a pity to spend several thousands of pounds on producing a really appalling brand of poison gas and then find that a radically new discovery made poison-gas as obsolete as bows and arrows. In attracting the young scientific talent of the country so predominantly to applied science our masters are probably killing the goose that lays those golden eggs. Applications are mere by-products of pure science, and if the latter is not kept healthy and flourishing the by-products will soon die.

Apart from these prudential considerations, however, the present scheme for the endowment of science must be viewed with distrust. Science, as an ideal human activity, was beginning to take its place with philosophy and the arts. Like them it exists to satisfy the fundamental human desire for comprehension. That is the reason of its existence and its real title to consideration. It both deepens and widens man's vision of the universe; it aids his understanding of himself and of the world to which he is related; it extends self-consciousness. It is one of the major activities of the human spirit; like poetry and philosophy it is an exercise which adds value

to life. The true man of science is as disinterested an artist as is any poet. The motive which impels him is the same and, as with the poet, his satisfactions are ideal. If science could not serve material needs there would be no question as to its status or its function. But it is in a fair way to be ruined by its own generosity. It has something for all men, and the unfortunate thing is that those who are least able to understand its real nature are now most able to command its services. It is to be valued for its least admirable qualities.

This attitude towards science would be sufficiently distressing were it confined to politicians and business men. But there is some reason to fear that the lust of purely material advancement is beginning to affect scientific men themselves. They who attended the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science cannot fail to have noticed an unusual insistence on the practical value of scientific activities. The President of Section D, it is true, quoted with approval the old toast "Here's to Pure Mathematics and may it never be of any use to anybody." That, indeed, is a somewhat puerile reaction against the view we have been discussing. But the more important speeches were almost wholly concerned with science as the servant of industry and war. It is greatly to be hoped that this attitude is not yet common to the majority of scientific men. But whether it be less or more extended, it promises to grow. There is no doubt that science can accomplish all the lucrative marvels that it promises and that many of these may be of real value to mankind. But its character as a great, courageous, disinterested venture of the human spirit, the discoverer of new visions, the fitting complement of the arts, may well become compromised. It may lose its own soul in gaining the world.

## LILULI.

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND.

[We have arranged with M. Romain Rolland to publish an English translation of his satire on war, entitled "Liluli" ("Illusion"). The opening passages, with the list of stage personages and a description of the stage scenery, appear below. All rights of translation and reproduction are reserved by the author.]

### I.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**LILULI**, Illusion—fair-haired, slim, small—big blue eyes, candid and sly; slender, girlish arms; a smiling mouth that shows its little teeth; a musical voice, the sound of which has power to stir the soul. She glides rather than walks; she seems to float in the air. She wears a fanciful Botticellesque dress of periwinkle blue, trimmed with a wreath of green and golden leaves.

**Chirridi** (Chirridichiquilla, that is to say: Little Swallow-voice). Truth—a dark gipsy type, with flaming eyes, supple, quick, violent—knows how to wield both tongue and knife. Harlequin costume, with a big black scarf, thrown back over her shoulders and falling in two points like the closed wings of a swallow.

**The goddess Llôp'ih** (Opinion)—dumb part. Hallucinating apparition of a barbarous Hindoo idol, at once coarse and sumptuous; black and gold; copper face.

**The Beast** (of Dürer), her escort. Dumb part. Cathedral devil. Color of an old gargoye, black and mossy.

**Master-God**—a handsome, majestic, and dandified old man; long white beard, with once fair patches, now turned green; slightly Levantine accent; noble gestures which relapse into vulgarity when he is off his guard; the gravity of his speeches retains a certain odor of the suburbs.

**Polichinello**—well known; an ill-bred old dog; pokes his nose everywhere, lifts his leg on everything; always good tempered. Usual maroon costume, braided with silver, with little bells.

**Altair**—a beautiful Italian Renaissance youth, a Perugino or Raphael type, with floating hair (eighteen years of age).

**Antares**—his friend, same age, same style.

**Janot**, the Donkey-Driver—typical peasant of the Centre, in a blue smock, wide and long as a night-shirt; filthy black felt hat glued on to his head.

**Hansot**—typical Baden peasant. Janot is thin and burnt as a vine-stalk. Hansot is round and blond as a pat of butter.

**Polonius**—he belongs to all the Academies and Palaces of Peace, wears a court-dress sword, is decorated and be-ribboned from head to tail.

**The Grand Khan.**

**The Grand Dervish.**

**Old Philemon.**

**Guillot the Dreamer.**

**Argus Santeuil.**

**Two Recruiting Sergeants** (Trafalgar Square style).

**Buridan the Ass.**

**Chorus of Young Men and Maidens.**

**Chorus of Children** (and their Pedagogues).

**Chorus of Intellectuals.**

**The Fettered Brains** (and their Negro).

**The Fat Men.**

**The Thin Men.**

**The Diplomats.**

**The Workers** (two half choruses).

**Guards.**

**Shopkeepers.**

**Crowd of Gallipoulets.**

**Crowd of Hurluberloches.**

**Dumb** (or perhaps it would be truer to call them inarticulate) pageants. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; the Headless Man, Love, and Reason.

**Pageant of Armed Peace.**

**Pageant of Truth** (Bussolanti, Journalists, etc.).

**Pageant of Opinion** (Satyrs, Apes, Cossacks, etc.).

Time and place being fanciful, the dresses should be equally fantastic. The freest variety. Every figure should wear the costume of the epoch which corresponds

best with his character—but freely interpreted, so that the whole may produce a gay and brilliant harmony.

A flat expanse of ground, grass-grown and shady, on the slope of a mountain that overlooks, to the right, a landscape of distant plains.

The stage is divided in two, from back to front, by a narrow ravine, spanned by a rickety foot-bridge.

In the foreground a road, which, after having followed the footlights for a little, winds inwards towards the ravine, mounts again to the left, and only reappears at a terraced bend above the stage before it finally vanishes. A second road also comes up from the right and joins the first in front of the foot-bridge. In the background a third road mounts from the back of the stage on the right, comes out on the brink of the ravine, and crosses the foot-bridge to join the road in the foreground.

Big rocks overhang the stage on the left and at the back.

Note.—The stage must have considerable depth in order that the two crowds may face one another on either side of the ravine in the second part of the play.

The back of the stage is, of course, considerably raised so that the audience may lose no detail of the scene.

Enter from the right, by the road which comes up on to the fore-scene from the valley below, a crowd loaded with every kind of familiar and curious household object. Some push or pull hand-carts; others are pulled along by little donkeys. They are more noisy than efficient, and make but slow progress though they look as if they were in a great hurry; for they turn back at every moment, either to pick up one of their innumerable and absurd packages which they have dropped, or to argue with their neighbor, give him a helping hand, or, preferably, a piece of advice. Most of them, having reached the flat space which constitutes the stage, halt to take breath and mop their faces. Then they resume their ascent. The procession is almost uninterrupted during the first part of the play, but it must not interfere with the action.

The principal actors, Polichinello, Janot, Liluli, Altaïr, Master-God, etc., take up their position when they speak in the field which occupies three-quarters of the left foreground and which is higher than the road, without, however, hiding the ravine and the flat space on the opposite side.

Chorus of Young Men and Maidens: What a lovely morning! Spring laughs for joy. The blue sky is pure, intense, and hard; it shines between the bare branches of the trees. Under their arms the sun kisses their russet autumnal fleece. Violets pierce the golden carpet of dead leaves. Cool, sweet and young, the air is like a strawberry on the tongue, the new air. Boys and girls, how good it is to walk together, straight ahead, without another thought of the old homes we have had to leave, the shaking walls and the old antiquated city that was a thing of the past! . . . Blessed be the flood that forced our old men to leave it all, that extracted the incrusts from their shells and now constrains them willy-nilly to tread the joyous mounting road and follow us towards the future!

Liluli, Illusion. (She appears for a moment at the terraced turn of the road, on the left, dominating the stage. She sings like a bird.):

Laira-ira-ira  
Lairrette! Lairrette.  
Fara-diddle-ino,  
The future's very fine-o!

(She disappears.)

The Young Men and Maidens (drinking in the apparition with eyes and lips, and their arms uplifted towards it.): The bird, the bird! did you see it? The little linnet that guides our way? Illusion! Liluli! . . . Wait for us, wait! (They run. They bump into Polichinello, coming back down the road with his waddling, jerky walk.)

Polichinello: Woa, woa, my young friends. Don't let's lose our heads. Hold up, colts and fillies. Walk,

walk! Why run? Are you afraid that someone may steal your brand new moon, swinging, floating on her thread of air and waiting for you to catch her in your mouths? Look at her, bending her bow on the summits where you are going.

The Young People (in ecstasy before the mountain peak): Where we are going? Is it there, Polichinello, is it there? On those sparkling heights?

Polichinello: You'll be there before this evening.

The Young People: Before this evening? And shall we see, above the prison wall, free spaces and the horizon and the dreamed-of countries—the Hesperides, Atlantis and Canaan?

Polichinello: Oh well, I don't answer for it for to-day. The Promised Land, my young Benjamins, is always for to-morrow.

The Young People: To-morrow, to-morrow! . . . We shall be there before the others. Let's run. And what about you? are you coming? . . . Are you going back?

Polichinello: I act as sheep-dog. I run back and forth from one end of the flock to the other. I round up the laggards. I bark at the old fellows. I bite the young ram's haunches. And I smack the little ewe lambs. (He suits his action to his words.)

A Girl (whom he has bitten and who hits back at him): Ow! ow! He bit me.

(The young men and maidens pursue their way.)

Polichinello (already occupied in questioning an old couple): Hie! Philemon! Hie! old dad! Have you come out to see your country?

The Old Man (sadly pointing towards the valley whence he has come): My country's down there.

Polichinello: One's country is here, there and everywhere. A country is the people who live in it.

The Old Man: My heart still lives there. (He points to the valley.)

Polichinello: But your rheumatics are up here. Come and warm them in the good sunshine, in the resin-saturated air.

The Old Man: Ah, but nothing can equal my dark corner, by the old stinking stove.

Polichinello: Every man regrets his own dunghill.

A Man (pulling a barrow): I'm taking mine with me.

Polichinello (to the crowd that passes, loaded with its baggage): Gently! Gently! Take breath a moment. What racers you are! Fairly streaming with sweat! Beware of the flood! You run away from it out of the valley and you bring it with you on to the hills in your baskets. . . . You'll burst, my friend. Your eyes are popping out of your head, like a boiled crayfish. Take breath, take breath! The air is meant for everyone. Look at this landscape, now! Isn't it smart? Isn't it well painted? You can touch it. The colors are fast.

The Crowd: Forward! March! No time to look. . . . They say that the folk of the other village are coming up too. . . . We must be first.

Polichinello: The world's a large place.

The Crowd: We must take it all.

Polichinello: There's room for two.

The Crowd: For us first. . . . Afterwards for them. . . . Forward! Forward! We mustn't stop. . . . Lord! how heavy it is! I shall die.

Polichinello: And that'll bring you a great way forwarder!

The Crowd: What a life! I'm always the one who has the hardest work. My load is the heaviest. Look at this fellow. He's only got half of what I have.

Polichinello: Would you like to change?

The Crowd: Fool! . . . Why not exchange for your hump? Do you think that I'd give him my furniture for love?

Polichinello: Then don't complain.

The Crowd: I will complain if I like. Complaining and whining, without the least desire to make things better, envying one's neighbor's lot, without the least desire to change one's own—these are the things that help one to support life. . . . What filth it is! If only one could get enough of it!

A Band of Children (surrounded by their school-masters in spectacles, with crooks and little lap-dogs

held on the leash; they clap their hands): Oh, the flowers! The new flowers! The green lizards! The yellow round eyes of the primroses! And that bird with the touch of red in his hat. How he whistles! Peep, peep, peep. . .

The Schoolmasters: Kindly keep to the middle of the road! In line! Eyes down! And look at your books!

The Children: But we should so much like to look at the road!

The Schoolmasters: That's unnecessary. We are going to tell you about it. Read: "When Hannibal crossed the Alps. . ."

The Children: But what are the mountains we are crossing?

The Schoolmasters: Nobody's talking about you. Read: "When Hannibal. . ."

The Children: But what about us? When will you begin to talk about us?

The Schoolmasters: In two or three hundred years. Everything in due time.

A Little Girl (with a little impertinent snub nose): When we're all dead?

The Children (singing to the tune of "Malbrough"): " . . . And dead and underground. . ."

The Schoolmasters (going on imperturbably): . . . And dead and underground. Till then, read, read, "When Hannibal. . ."

The Children (singing):

" . . . Nibal went out a-fighting,  
Miron-ton miron-ton miron-taine,  
That animal Hannibal went away;  
Who knows when he'll come back?"  
(They pass out.)

(To be continued.)

## Music.

### THE POSSIBILITY OF ENGLISH BALLET.

THERE has been lately a good deal of discussion in private, and some in public, of the desirability and possibility of establishing a school of English Ballet. Inspired by the great successes of the Russian Ballet both at the Alhambra and the Coliseum, English people have asked themselves whether their own love of dancing and their own national characteristics might not equally be translated into the language of the choreographic stage. The question is interesting and well worth examination.

That an English Ballet is desirable in itself will probably be granted by everybody. That it is desirable owing to the qualities of the English themselves is not perhaps so obvious, though, in my view, no less certain. Historically, we possess a great dancing tradition dating from the times of Elizabeth, when English dancers were the "stars" of Europe, occupying, as a matter of fact, almost exactly the position which the Russian dancer enjoys to-day and the Italian dancer held a hundred years ago. Too much emphasis must not, however, be laid on tradition. The subsequent triumph of Puritanism killed or at any rate scotched many things in England, and the dancing-instinct may be held to have been one of them. In the domain of history it is, I think, wise to insist only on the fact that our national dances, Morris or Country, survive, that they are individual and, in most cases, attractive from the standpoint both of the musician and the dancer. For my part I do not think for one moment that they can form the basis of a modern ballet, though they can doubtless be used to enhance the distinctiveness of its repertory. Morris Dances and Folk Songs are too alien to the spirit of our present civilization to become our natural medium. The National Dances of England are now to be looked for in the ball-room and the music-hall, and the Folk Songs of the modern English are also to be found in the music-hall . . . and in Hymns Ancient and Modern.

There are, in my opinion, two sure proofs that the English are still, as a nation, good dancers. First, the ubiquitous success of English girl dancers in Continental music-halls before the war. True, they performed very silly and, often, very ugly dances, but they danced in time and with spirit. Compared with their European colleagues they really seemed *prime ballerine absolute*. Secondly, the love of ball-room dancing in England, which persistently defied the frown of war-time authorities, and the very high standard of its present accomplishment. A great deal of unadulterated rubbish is written about dancing and dancers by journalists and others who cannot dance. Modern dancing is difficult and, when well done, very graceful. Above all, it is superior to the old waltzes and polka in being far more varied, thus giving scope to some imagination on the part of the dancers. A public (of all classes) that has given such abundant proof of its love of dancing and of its assiduity and skill in the practice of it is certainly capable of furnishing as many recruits as may be needed both for the performance and the audience of a ballet. For what it may be worth I give my opinion that, as a dancing nation, England comes third in the list of Europe; after Spain and Russia, but before France, Italy, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries.

As regards the practical question of the possibility of the establishment of a regular ballet, the first thing for the enthusiast to do is to put out of his head any idea of an analogy with M. Diaghilew's organization. This secession from the orthodox Russian Ballet was only possible because there was a Russian Ballet to secede from. A century and a half of Court patronage and Court subsidy had achieved a technical perfection of which M. Diaghilew, while discarding the actual results, was able to make the fullest use in his own more interesting experiments. Nothing of the kind is or seems ever likely to be possible in England, and, though a change of *régime* may modify the scarcely tolerant contempt with which the present governing class views the arts, no administration of Britons, however Bolshevik, is going to subsidize the Dance. Moreover, it may not be amiss to remind our revolutionary intellectuals, who so enthusiastically acclaim "The Russian Ballet," that it is, essentially, a by-product of autocracy. Democracies may take over such institutions as going concerns; they never seem to inaugurate them.

However that may be, all we are concerned with is any indication that we can find of existing endeavor suitable to our purpose. There is perhaps rather more material than is generally recognized. To begin with there is quite a number of dancers in England, who, with intelligent and artistic supervision, possess already sufficient technical training to become really good. They are not, it is true, all English, but does this matter? Of important ballets we have, of course, none; but, as there has been no opportunity to produce them since the Alhambra and the Empire abandoned ballet, this is hardly surprising. There have been, however, one or two productions of small dance-plays that were not unpromising. Unfortunately the best of these, written by Mrs. Christopher Lowther, with music by Elgar and Bax and other composers of standing, were buried in the fashionable obscurity (and incompetence) of Charity Matinées during the war. Slight as they were, they shewed real originality and charm, and in any scheme of English ballet they should be invaluable. Then there is Margaret Morris, who, if you like that sort of thing, can do it for you very well. Last of all we should not forget the best of Mr. Sharp's Folk-dancers, nor the very talented step-dancers who perform so delightfully on the halls.

It takes all kinds to make a ballet, and I feel sure that all these gifted people, could they but combine their dissimilar talents in one organization, select carefully musicians, authors and producers—and then find an enlightened and not too impatient financier, might lay the foundations at least of a permanent and successful institution. Anything more grandiose, more ambitious if you will, seems to me foredoomed to failure.

FRANCIS TOYE.



## Communications.

### W. C. BULLITT AND HIS MISSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is surely one right way of dealing with the surprising confusions and contradictions in which the story of the Bullitt Mission to Russia has been enmeshed. That is, to disengage the known facts and to interpret them in the light of the situation last winter and of the character and standing of the persons concerned.

By February of this year it had become clear to almost every man who counted in Paris that the policy of the Allies towards the Soviet Government of Russia would have to be changed. The Prinkipo scheme had been proposed, and wrecked—by the anti-Bolshevik parties. Some say that a suggestion of informal negotiations was then made on behalf of Lenin by Litvinoff. In any case, it was decided that an American envoy should be sent to Russia, in order to find out whether a settlement between the Allies and the Soviet Government was possible. The plan was worked out by Mr. William C. Bullitt, a young member of the intelligence staff of the American Peace Commission, in consultation with Colonel House, and with the Prime Minister's principal private secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr—until recently editor of the "Round Table" quarterly. Mr. Bullitt went direct to Moscow, not as a journalist, but as an accredited confidential emissary. He was accompanied by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, a much older man, perhaps the most widely known writer in the American magazines on social affairs and revolutionary movements. They spent a week in Moscow; then returned to Paris, carrying with them a set of proposals for settlement. These included: the immediate cessation of hostilities, the raising of the blockade, and the restoration of trade and other relations, with a pledge of self-determination for the frontier States of Russia and acceptance by the Soviet Republic of the pre-revolutionary national debts. During the week of the American Mission's stay in Moscow Lenin and his colleagues worked hard and steadily over the draft, every clause being thoroughly debated. The document in which the terms were embodied was in English, and was, I understand, officially signed.

Rumors of the Mission and its result began to reach London from Paris towards the end of March. In the House of Commons, on April 2nd, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth parried a question from Sir Samuel Hoare. The same member raised the subject on the adjournment, and was told by Mr. Bonar Law that he had telephoned to the Prime Minister, who knew nothing about it. On April 9th, Mr. Shortt answered another question from Sir Samuel Hoare, summing up thus:—

"I do not believe for a moment, from the information I have got, that there were any Lenin negotiations or suggestions brought to Paris at all. I believe the whole story is German-manufactured!"

A week later (April 16th) the Prime Minister, challenged by Mr. Clynes, made a statement which, during these last few days, has been reproduced in the daily Press. It included these sentences:—

"I have only heard of reports that others have got proposals, which they assume to have come from authentic quarters. . . . There was some suggestion that there was some young American who had come back."

"We have had nothing authentic," Mr. George further said, and he added that no proposals whatever had been brought before the Peace Conference. A few days later the news of Mr. Bullitt's resignation from the Peace Commission was published, together with the text of his letter to the President—a personal document which made a great impression on both sides of the Atlantic; and throughout the summer many references to the mission appeared in the English Press. On August 6th, when Mr. Lansing was examined in Washington by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, he was questioned on the subject, but not at length. On September 12th Mr. Bullitt appeared before the same Committee, and told the story in detail, supporting it by what is described as an avalanche of papers. From Mr. Bullitt's copious

and disconcerting narrative, the following points emerge:

He took with him to Moscow a memorandum of terms which, it was suggested, would be acceptable to the Allies. This was given to him by Mr. Philip Kerr. It agreed in essentials with the proposals brought back from Lenin.

On his return, Mr. Bullitt breakfasted with Mr. Lloyd George, and discussed with him and General Smuts the results of the enterprise. Colonel House was strongly in favor of making peace on the basis proposed. Mr. George approved, but confessed his fear of opposition in England. He urged Mr. Bullitt to publish his report. President Wilson was then paying his brief visit to America, and no member of the American delegation would take the responsibility of sanctioning publication.

After the Prime Minister had, on April 16th, disavowed all knowledge of the affair, Mr. Kerr apologized to Mr. Bullitt for his chief's action, explaining that, on reaching England, Mr. George had discovered that a dangerous Churchill-Northcliffe opposition had been rigged against him.

Mr. Bullitt's substantive statement to the Senate Committee and his answers to questions comprised other momentous matter. He quoted statements by Mr. Lansing as to the Peace having been arranged by the Great Powers to suit themselves, and, in consequence, the League of Nations being entirely useless; with, also, a plain implication that on practically all the matters upon which the Liberals of Britain and America have challenged the Treaty—from the Saar Valley to Shantung—the American delegation was in opposition.

When the summaries of Mr. Bullitt's evidence were cabled to Europe, an official contradiction on behalf of Mr. George denounced it as a tissue of lies. A few hours later "a high political personage in close touch with the Prime Minister" described it as "all moonshine," the production, for unworthy political motives, of a "super-booster." In a considered *communiqué* on the following day, this repudiation was modified into a charge of garbling a private conversation at the breakfast table, the meeting with Mr. George being specifically admitted. Mr. Philip Kerr denied having played the part in the affair assigned to him by the American envoy. Mr. Bullitt's rejoinder was to the effect that his testimony before the Committee was wholly accurate, and he produced a private letter from Mr. Kerr, referring to the suggestions taken to Moscow. Mr. Lansing has remained silent.

"In dealing with Mr. Lloyd George," said Mr. Bullitt to the Senate Committee, "you must remember that you cannot take any of his public statements seriously." As for the April 16th statement, he called it "the most egregious case of misleading the public ever known." We have to bear these two declarations in mind when Mr. Bullitt is accused of shameless betrayal of confidence. He is, or was, totally without understanding of the secular tradition of European diplomacy in regard to the private or semi-official envoy. There is no credit and no mercy in the Old World for such as he. For any reason deemed to be sufficient he is ruthlessly disavowed. But one thing on the other side is, I think, undeniable. If Mr. Lloyd George had refrained from his unhappy disavowal in Parliament, he might have depended upon Mr. Bullitt to withhold his hand. One other point. In the revelations before the Senate Committee there is very little that was not known and discussed in March and April among the countless groups in Paris. Almost everything now disclosed was plainly hinted at by the special correspondents in their dispatches. The whole affair is precisely what was to be expected from the moment that the doors of the Peace Conference were closed.

Our people are in the meantime anxious for accurate information about William C. Bullitt. He belongs to an historic family of Philadelphia, is a graduate of Yale University, and still under thirty. As special correspondent of the leading Philadelphia daily, the "Public Ledger," he went through the Central Empires a few months before the United States entered the war. Thereafter he occupied an important editorial post on the "Ledger," whence in 1917 he passed to the Department

of State under Mr. Lansing. To high intellectual endowments he adds a remarkably wide knowledge of men and affairs, and a conquering personal charm. I should say in especial three things about him. First, that he is a striking example of a type of young modern American, now coming decisively into public affairs. In the years ahead they will be matched, all over the world, with the best British brains; and to the contest they will bring sincerity, enthusiasm, and disarming candor. Secondly, that his work and gifts have brought him into intimate relations with an extraordinary number of public men, in his own country and in Europe, and that there prevails among them a remarkable unanimity as to his quality. Thirdly, that if William Bullitt gave me his word about anything, I should not doubt it.

A LIBERAL JOURNALIST.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE DIPLOMACY OF LORD GREY.

SIR,—Your article on "The Case Against Lord Grey's Diplomacy" last week, is, I gladly acknowledge, both temperately and reasonably written, besides showing that intellectual ability which one always expects from a leader in *THE NATION*. Yet I venture to think that at no single point does the case really hold water. It is built up by slight, very slight, inaccuracies of statement, which in a complicated and subtle issue produce a cumulative effect.

1. The chief point for misstatement is our relation with France. "We had a compact with France," said Mr. Lloyd George in 1918, "that if she were wantonly attacked the United Kingdom would go to her support." This was inexact. Mr. Lloyd George may have been speaking carelessly, or he may have thought it desirable for his own purposes to damage the Asquith-Grey Government. In any case, what he said was inexact, and the truth is contained in a number of documents which have been published. It is no use losing oneself in discussions whether our relation to France constituted a "compact" or an "obligation of honour" or something else. The proper method is to see exactly what that relation was; and that is known. We had steadily refused to promise to join France if attacked by Germany, but we had agreed to discuss with France what steps ought to be taken if at some future time (1) France should be attacked by Germany, and (2) this country should decide to join France.

2. Now let us consider the history. And let me put it in this way. Suppose the wisest and most thorough-going anti-Jingo statesmen we can imagine possessed of all the political virtues and all our present knowledge. Suppose, sir, that you and I, ourselves, had jointly been taking up the Foreign Office at the end of 1905. Let us consider what we should have done.

1. First, M. Cambon calls upon us, points out the dangerously aggressive attitude of Germany, and asks us if we will make a treaty to support France in case of an unprovoked attack by Germany, we ourselves to be the judges whether the attack is unprovoked.

We should refuse, on the ground that neither the Foreign Minister nor the Cabinet can pledge the nation beforehand to make war in certain future contingencies. (There are other objections also, of a quite convincing nature; but I need not labor them.) This is what Grey did.

2. M. Cambon calls again and says: "I understand and accept your position. Nevertheless, you must see that (1) there is a danger of a German onslaught on France, that (2) you may wish to prevent it or help in resisting it, and that (3) you will be quite helpless and without counsel when the moment comes, and so shall we, unless you discuss beforehand with us what military and naval steps you are prepared to take." I think we should have said: "Well, there is something in that. There is a real danger. And it would be stark folly to wait till the war breaks out before consulting about plans. And yet it is rather a slippery path. . . . Let us consult C. B." That is exactly what Grey did. He proposed to accept the suggestion that the General Staffs should meet and discuss the contingent plans of defence; but at the same time he required and obtained a formal statement from the French Ambassador that these

conversations carried with them no obligation and that both countries remained absolutely free as to their future policy. (White Paper, 105 enclosures.) And Campbell-Bannerman approved.

Everything else in our relation with France followed from this. We formed the Expeditionary Force and we made a redistribution of the English and French fleets. But we steadily refused to promise help to France against Germany. We kept our hands so entirely free that we were able, in August, 1914, to promise Germany that if she would make any reasonable proposal whatever for preserving European peace we would support it, and if France and Russia would not accept it we would have nothing to do with the consequences. (White Paper, 111.) Our complete freedom is even more clearly proved by the appeals at that time from France and Russia. They appeal strongly for help. They use all the arguments they can, but they never suggest that there has been any compact.

3. Now comes a third criticism from a different point of view. These conversations, it seems, were not enough. Suppose we had acted in our tenure of the Foreign Office in the way just described, this new critic would say to us. "No; make your policy more thorough. Make an alliance with France. Publish it. Transform your army into a continental army, and prepare for very big things."

I do not know, sir, what you would have said, but I should have objected strongly. I should have objected on principle to the Alliance. I should have objected on grounds of elementary prudence to a policy which involved an immediate defiance of Germany coupled with a long period of military reconstruction, during which our army would be quite disorganized. I should also have deferred to the opinion of my military advisers, that the best way to help France on the continent was by means of a small and very efficient Expeditionary Force, and not by a vast conscript army. I should, in fact, have based my policy on three principles: 1. A supremely strong fleet, a weapon which secured the safety of these islands but could not be used to attack a continental power; 2. The creation of a highly-efficient Expeditionary Force, but not a vast army of the sort that suggested dangerous ambitions; and 3. A foreign policy which, while firmly resisting aggression, left no stone unturned in trying to produce goodwill in Germany and to remove any possible ground of resentment or grievance that she might reasonably have. I should have tried to do, in fact, exactly what Grey did.

4. There is another point on which I have not touched, because I am not competent to deal with it. It is the question of Cabinet etiquette. When Campbell-Bannerman gave his approval to the Cambon conversations in 1905 did he inform his Cabinet, and some of them not pay much attention? Or did he think it was a departmental matter, and not inform them? And ought he, in either case, to have done something else? Cabinet etiquette is unknown ground to me, and I fancy it changes from time to time. But it seems clear that on the most critical question, the keynote of the whole policy, Grey informed the Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman, and in later stages he is known to have been in constant touch with Campbell-Bannerman's successor.

I should hesitate many times before criticising Lord Loreburn, but I should have thought that at certain moments—e.g., when the disposition of the French and English fleets was so significantly altered—it would have been natural for him to ask in the Cabinet exactly what it meant. Had he done so he must have been answered.

You wonder, sir, why I go on laboring an issue of past diplomacy of which most people are tired. It is for this reason. At a time when the Governments of the world are lacking in statesmanship and poor in character I value very highly indeed the presence in public life of a man like Lord Grey. I value his Liberal outlook and his great knowledge. I value his judgment and sanity. I value most of all his unswerving sincerity and absolute purity of aim. Naturally, a great many people hate hearing Aristides called The Just, and would love to discover that he is no better than his neighbors. But to undermine faith in Aristides is to add to the power of all the elements that are unlike him, and they are surely quite strong enough. That is why these small points matter.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

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## A LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

SIR,—I am not in the habit of addressing letters to editors; in fact, this is my first effort in that line.

But I feel that everyone who has any claim to be thought progressive and young-minded must eagerly support your article "A League of Youth" (THE NATION, August 23rd).

Moral reconstruction is one with educational reform; this is a platitude which cannot too often be repeated.—Yours, &c.,

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

## £250,000 A YEAR FOR C.O.S.

SIR,—In view of the statements recently made on behalf of the Government that all C.O.s have been released, and that all are free from control, we beg to draw attention to the case of the men of the Non-Combatant Corps (N.C.C.).

This corps now consists of some 1,500 men, all of whom are conscientious objectors, and recognized as such by the Tribunals established under the Military Service Acts; but, owing to prejudice or error, absolute exemption was refused, and we had no constitutional alternative to service in the N.C.C. We have been referred to in Army Orders as C.O.s, and our status therefore cannot be questioned, yet in spite of repeated appeals and protests, we cannot obtain release from military service.

At the present time, when the need of economy is being insisted upon by the Prime Minister, it is interesting to examine our case from its financial aspect. Probably 80 per cent. of us have positions awaiting us in civil life, many of us have some technical skill of immediate use to the community, or professional ability necessary to the task of reconstruction, but at present we are retained on laboring work of a non-productive character.

The cost of our upkeep in the Army is estimated at approximately £250,000 per annum, apart from the huge sums involved in separation allowances, civil liabilities, grants, &c., and if, to this charge against the national revenue you add the economic loss of our value as workers at, say, a minimum of £4 per week each, the total waste consequent upon our retention exceeds the sum of £560,000 per year.

It would appear that the War Office intends to persist in its foolish policy of retaining us in spite of all appeals to commonsense and reason, but one master-stroke of policy they have made in refusing us the increased pay, bonus, and gratuity!

May we appeal to all those of your readers who have read with satisfaction the assurances of the Government that all C.O.s have been released, to make this statement true, by demanding of the Government and the W.O. authorities our immediate dispersal?

To those interested in the question of retrenchment alone, we suggest that the price of £560,000 per annum is too big a sum to pay for the persecution of a comparative handful of conscientious objectors.—Yours, &c.,

PTE. W. E. WAKELING, No. 3,521.  
For 6th Eastern Coy., N.C.C.

## THE LONDON STAGE.

SIR,—As Mr. H. B. Irving has given the readers of "The Times" a list of plays shortly to be produced at the London theatres during the coming season, I send you the names of some plays that were acted at the endowed theatres in Hamburg during the first week of September, 1913. At the Opera House, also, there was a nightly change of bill. The population of Hamburg, with the adjoining suburb of Altona, was then about a million.

"Behind the Walls," "Intrigue and Love" (Schiller), "Clavigo" (Goethe), "The Accomplices" (Goethe), "Faust" (Goethe), "Love's Labor's Lost," "Twelfth Night," "Comedy of Errors," "Romeo and Juliet," "Wallenstein" (Schiller), "Lulu" (Wedekind), "Comrades" (Strindberg).—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

September 8th, 1919.

## SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. William Archer's refusal to believe that certain plays can be "intelligibly recited—much less acted—in two hours and a-half," he may be

interested to know that about fifteen years ago Antoine gave at the Théâtre Antoine an absolutely unabridged performance of "King Lear" (in French) with all the changes of scene. There were, I think, two intervals. The actual playing time, as carefully taken by me, was 2 hours and 10 minutes. The performance was perfectly intelligible. In fact, it was the most intelligible performance of "King Lear" that I have ever witnessed.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

12B, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.  
September 17th, 1919.

## Poetry.

## LOVE AT NIGHT.

BROAD and still is the night in the wood, but in the tree-tops  
Where the wind goes and the birds, day lingers longer;  
Night begins on the ground, stealing on in the shadows,  
Loiters there in the morning, crouching beside the hedgerow.

Grave is the daytime with sombre heated labor!  
Jocund the night, with shining silver spaces,  
Ample are the winds that wander in the darkness,  
Cool are the moonbeams that fall instead of shadows.

Quiet are all noises but the sounds of night-time,  
Shakings in the leaves which startle hidden lovers,  
Fondness of the birds with gentle, twittering noises  
And one long call in the wood—the owl awaking.

I will go deep into the dark and listen,  
There where the silence wellets ever fuller,  
Where in his dim glade, sentinelled by shadows,  
Sleep never stirreth—rapt and deep his breathing.

"Warm bird alighting, urgent in your flying,  
Why choose my lips to rest you in the night-time?"  
"Empty is the night," he said, "a void between two day-  
times,  
"Fold you in this kiss," he said, "the secret of the  
darkness."

Night heareth not and sleep never stirreth,  
Sunk in his glade and dreaming are the shadows;  
"Old is the night," he said, "and cometh back to-morrow;  
"Let the grey bat drowse," he said, "but we two will waken."

Still stays the house that waiteth on the hillside  
Hour after hour, content and undisturbed;  
Creeping, the snail trails him a silver passage,  
And like a peeping child, the moon walks round the window.

## MIDSUMMER.

IN a blue depth the sun has stood all day  
Orient and full.

So fine the air, the windows of the woods  
Let through the light and bird-songs, both afire;  
Someone far off is singing, the faint sound  
Hovers awhile, then fades and is in silence drowned.  
Like full content that needs to speak no word,  
Quiet profound,

Goes with the sunshine to the steadfast hills  
And seats him there for ever, deep at rest;  
See where the heavy heat upon the field  
Glows like a harvest with its shimmering yield.

Had this day e'er a dawn that has no end  
Poised at noon?

Or sprang it full-born in its golden joy,  
Royally glowing, summer perpetual?  
A blazoned scroll the moorland lies unrolled  
Pomp to its margin, purple, gules and gold.

A sober cover to a page illumed  
Foldeth the night;  
Claspeth the day for ever with the dark,  
Layeth it in the past with quiet hands;  
A gay rhyme told in its entirety  
Old now as the desert or the wandering sea.

GERTRUDE BONE.

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## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"September." A Novel. By Frank Swinnerton. (Methuen. 7s.)

"The Redemption of Religion." By Charles Gardner. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

"Forgotten Places." Poems by Ian Mackenzie. (Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.)

"The Equipment of the Workers." An Enquiry into the adequacy of the adult manual workers of Sheffield for the discharge of their responsibilities. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

\* \* \*

"UPON these mountains," one reads in Hakluyt, "are people which have eares of a spanne long,"

and again in Sir John Mandeville:—

"And in another Yle ben folk, that hav gret Eres and longe, that hangen down to here Knees."

I rather think that one does not need a Cook's ticket to explore these islands, and that it would even be convenient to classify their inhabitants (after the style of Swift's "Tramehsan and Slamehsan from the high and low heels of their shoes") into Long-Eared and Short-Eared or Philistines. I fear that I belong to the latter, and, what is really ghastly, that I don't care. The capital A in Art is so tall and so fatiguing to climb that in the end one gives it up and finds, to one's agreeable surprise, that it is quite enjoyable to be an earth-worm. It is a good life, and one goes burrowing on, regardless of steeple-chasing.

\* \* \*

THESE sensations were afforded me by some remarks I read upon a review of Mrs. Meynell's. "If the *vers libre*," said Mrs. Meynell,

"is to be explicitly tolerated, which heaven forbid, it must not be for a poem of any passion. Poetic passion in flight knows well its need of the control of balance, of the very symmetry of wings."

The commentator upon this sentence himself declared:—

"But not only can you actually move with greater freedom in formal verse than in *vers libre*, but you also obtain greater freedom of speech. . . . The only freedom that you gain in *vers libre* is to get nearer to the accidentals of actuality, and that is only, in English, at any rate, it seems best suited to trivial subjects. . . . It is probable that, in the last analysis, *vers libre* in English is only another example of that old fallacy of applying to one medium the form of another. That is to say that the disposition to write *vers libre* in English really proceeds from comparative insensibility to the character of the English language."

When one remembers that the free-versifiers' common conception of themselves is Blake's angels—tousled mane, eyes darting tongues of flame and a mighty and thunderbolt-thewed limb stretched out to kick the past into the dustbin, one realizes how appalling this is. I turned out a volume written by a Symposium of free-versifiers three years ago and read as follows:—

"Nothing has scathed me,  
Nothing ever, nor ever will.  
I have touched pitch, I have revelled in it and rolled in it;  
Buried in mire and filth I laughed long,  
And sprang up.  
I have loved lust and vain devilries. . . ." &c.,

and ending on this audacious note:—

"I have no respect for tame women."

\* \* \*

THIS work had a great vogue among the intellectuals, and many were the learned articles written about the poor Cinderella of rhyme. There was, of course, a great deal of mere charlatany in this now moribund movement. We were being scored off, as politicians, officials, and financiers scored off us in the war. I doubt, however, whether the scorers themselves all had ears of the normal length, and I would even go so far as to say that (as in the corresponding movement of painting) there was a genuine

and healthy reaction. But the free verse tendency on the whole corresponded with and reflected the break-up of society—a break-up inevitable once certain elementary principles of life, upon which its "survival value" depends, were either forgotten or perverted. The most obvious of these heresies concerned the rupture with the past. For, as not only art but natural history shows, you cannot escape the past or, if you can, you miss your footing into the future. Nor is it only the fact of the past, but its philosophic meaning. I remember what a flood of light was let in when it was shown me that so far from relapsing from civilization into barbarism—or wresting freedom from the depressing restraints of convention, as the free-versifiers would call it—we are really savages struggling blindly from barbarism into civilization. If only these poets would condescend to pick up a little knowledge of natural history before bouncing into the arena and shouting to a hushed audience: "Now, you listen to me!"

\* \* \*

ANOTHER mistake was the notion of the incompatibility between freedom and formal design—and in a larger sense—the order and law of the universe. What would happen if the planets took it into their heads to begin dancing to free verse measures doesn't bear thinking of. Here, again, the principles of art go hand-in-hand with those of natural history as they go in every condition of creation. Evolution is no more than the finding of appropriate forms for material, as the world in which we live is the evolved form of the ferment of volcanic gases. And as it is in general, so it is in the particular. The wonderful harmonies of diversified coloring we see in the animal kingdom are the result of formal displays, ceremonious ritual elaborated out of blind, formless, and fevered instincts—just as the passionate language and intense feeling of Shakespeare, housed within the strict metrical walls of the formal sonnet convention, took structure from a cry of the heart. Where would that language and feeling have been if Shakespeare had discarded his fourteen lines and alternate rhymes of infinite riches in a little room for the free verse measures of little riches in an infinite room? But putting aside the mannerisms and posturings generated by the modern free verse convention, there is a third radical principle in the nature of things violated by it. That is "the fallacy of applying to one medium the form of another." Poetry, in other words, is formal, measured language (particularly the English language) by its very nature, and therefore accepts the formal expression so imposed by that nature, in order, not to surrender, but to gain its freedom. If it will not gladly accept and use the limitations of its own being, then it becomes, as we know now, either a chatter or a yell. The heron is not such a fool as to sigh for the pointed, vibrating wings of the peregrine: it gets along very well on its own rounded vans. But the free-versifier cries out for prose and gets, as he deserves, something betwixt and between. He might just as well cry for the moon.

\* \* \*

BUT the root of the trouble is the lack of vision—the lack of eyes gazing from the past into the future. For living in the present—that is to say, pressing your nose against it—you can see nothing. These poets are without the natural history view of all life—the view of Francis Thompson's "You cannot touch a flower without troubling a star"—the greatest joy and privilege that is vouchsafed to men and poets:—

"We are not like children gathering painted shells and pebbles on a beach; but, whether we know it or not, are seeking after something beyond and above knowledge. The wilderness in which we sojourn is not our home; intellectual curiosity, with the gratification of the individual for only purpose, has no place in this scheme of things as we conceive it. Heart and soul are with its brain in all investigation—a truth which some know in rare, beautiful intervals, but others never. We are more conscious of many things, both within and without—of the length and breadth and depth of nature, of a unity hardly dreamed of in past ages, a commensalism on earth from which the meanest organism is not excluded. . . . and if the mystery of life daily deepens, it is because we view it more closely and with clearer vision."

H. J. M.



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## Reviews.

## OUR VILLAGE.

"The English Village: A Literary Study." 1750-1850. By JULIA PATTON. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

THE poor—especially the country poor—have never lacked appreciators. How rich a vein of esteem is contained in an epitaph discovered by Mr. W. H. Hudson in a Dorsetshire churchyard! It ran: "In memory of William Forder, who died July 21st, 1817, aged 54 years. His honesty, fidelity, and strict attention to the interests of his master and mistress, Francis Fane, Esq., and Mrs. Fane, for more than 30 years, are here recorded in testimony of their approbation and as an example to all whom Providence may place in a similar situation." How godlike a stooping of charity we find in this commendation! It is the high praise of a lower species. It is a good word spoken to a slave. Whether William Forder served his country, was faithful to his wife, or was even interested in his God we do not know. His "strict attention to the interests of his master and mistress" sums up all of his biography in which we are expected to be interested. What a piece of work is a man! Would Hamlet's thoughts have gone ranging among the stars if he had stood beside the epitaph of William Forder? Not for looking before and after was William noted—only for looking after the interests of Francis Fane, Esq., and Mrs. Fane for more than thirty years. Happily, he won their approbation. He survives in a table of stone, an exemplary countryman. In apprehension how like a god!

It would be unfair, however, to pretend that the urbane classes have been interested in the countryman only as a good servant. They also idealized the countryman as a figure in a pastoral, and a great deal of indifferent verse was written in praise of the peasant's "honest toil," "strong Labor," "jolly Mirth," and "fat Good-nature." The townsman even pretended to envy the countryman his idyllic lot. We have no realistic picture of rural life in England which suggests that there was anything particularly idyllic about it. But while Parliaments robbed the country poor by Enclosure Act after Enclosure Act, it is some consolation to think that at least they suffered no added wrong at the hands of the minor poets. True, in the eighteenth century the giants of letters had little that was good to say of country life. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that, "when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." "They who are contented to live in the country," he declared, "are fit for the country." Swift could think of no blessings of country life save to be—

"Far from our debtors;  
No Dublin letters;  
Not seen by our betters."

Walpole similarly could find little to praise in the country. He regarded the countryman as a bumpkin, and no doubt would have described the peasants in much the same phrases as those in which he described the country squires—"mountains of roast beef . . . just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form." "Why," he declares, "I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin. . . . Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions." Will the countryman feel compensated for this harsh treatment by the praise of the Rev. John Delap, D.D., who sings of the happy lives of the workers, their glowing hearths, and their tables spread—

"with such coarse fare  
As fits the genius of their little fates?"

Dr. Delap, in his "Elegy," expresses his envy of the secure happiness of the poor, and—*splendide mendax*—sings:—

"To be unhappy we must first be great."

He would undoubtedly have been startled if he had lived to read Ebenezer Elliott's:—

"Avenge the plundered poor, oh Lord! . . .  
But not with sword—no, not with fire  
Chastise the British locustry!  
Lord, let them feel Thy heavier ire;  
Whip them, oh Lord, with poverty!"

Blessed as is the condition of the poor, Dr. Delap would undoubtedly have thought Elliott's sentiment vindictive. We suspect that poverty is a blessing only to the poor. What a piece of work is a D.D.!

Miss Patton, to whom we are grateful for these and many other quotations, has chosen an interesting study in the English village. If it is not entirely satisfactory, there are two reasons for this. One is that she hesitates between giving us a social study and giving us a literary study. The other is that she scarcely distinguishes between the village and the countryside as a theme in literature. The poor peasant, rather than the villager in the strict sense of the word, is her subject. At the same time, there is a great deal to be learned about rural England in her pages. As an essayist on social history, she does not give us the results of original research, but at least she brings the researches of competent historians into relation with eighteenth and nineteenth-century literature. She tells once again the criminal story of the enclosures—criminal, not because the enclosure of land was in itself necessarily an evil thing, but because it was carried out without regard either to public ends or private justice, and was simply a measure of spoliation on the part of the powerful. Arthur Young, who defended enclosure, declared in 1801: "By nineteen out of twenty Enclosure Bills the poor are injured, and some grossly injured. . . . The poor in [certain] parishes may say, and with truth, 'Parliament may be tender of property: all I know is that I had a cow and an Act of Parliament has taken it from me.'" Miss Patton appears to think that this means that Arthur Young swung right round in his opinion of the enclosures. This was not so. She will find him supporting the principle of enclosure on economic grounds at a later date than 1801. All the passage we have quoted meant was that he was not indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, as the statesmen of the time were. When Pitt withdrew his reform measure in 1796, he observed that, "inexperienced himself in country affairs, and in the conditions of the poor, he was diffident of his own opinion, and would not press the measure upon the attention of the House." Inexperience in a statesman is but indifference under another name. Pitt did, however, give Sir Frederic Eden's book, "The State of the Poor," to Canning to read. "Canning's response," writes Miss Patton, ". . . was a parody on the grotesque names to be found in its Appendix." One is not surprised in the circumstances to learn that three thousand five hundred and fifty-four Enclosure Bills were passed through Parliament in the reign of George III. As Mr. Chesterton put it in a useful pun, the Commons were stealing the commons.

In the pre-modern literature of the village—at least, in the distinctive poetry of the village—one can think of no very important names but those of Goldsmith and Crabbe. One does not think of Wordsworth as a village poet in the same sense. He reveals the whole countryside rather than the village. As for Goldsmith, even he does not enjoy his title without question. Some of his most admiring biographers, while praising "The Deserted Village" as a pretty poem, say that as a picture of English village life it is all nonsense. Macaulay declared that the poem is "made up of two incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village." Mr. Austin Dobson is equally critical. He has discovered no "evidence" for some of the enormities that Goldsmith describes. And later biographers have echoed this scepticism. Goldsmith himself, as Miss Patton reminds us, anticipated the main objections that have been taken to his poem. "I know you will object," he wrote in his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion—that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's imagination." He insisted none the less that his poem was true. "I have," he declared, "taken all possible pains in my country excursions for these four or five years past to be certain of what I allege, and . . . all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display." After all, a sympathetic Bohemian was much more likely to learn the secrets of the countryside from the lips of the poor themselves than was a more respectable traveller, automatically accepting the view of the propertied classes. The long history of the treatment of the poor by the propertied does not suggest that anything said by Goldsmith exceeded decent moderation of statement. Recall, for an instant, the various steps that at one time were taken to keep anyone who was a potential pauper from settling in a parish. Cottages were pulled down for fear their occupants



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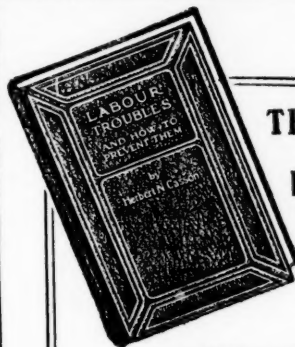
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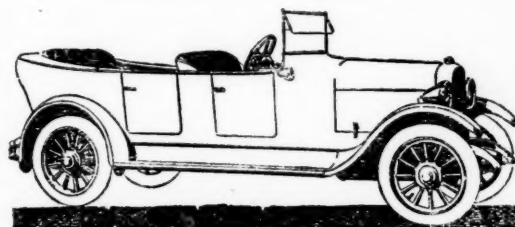
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might one day require relief. Laborers were hired for fifty-one weeks lest a year's service should, in case of penury, entitle them to parish assistance. The interests of the poor were ruthlessly sacrificed to the interests of property. Goldsmith was the only poet of his time to whom such a sacrifice seemed to be anything worth worrying about. Even he did not write as a politician who believed that the evils could and must be remedied. On the other hand, he did not pretend that the tragedy was not there.

Crabbe also was a poet who told the truth, not as a political argument, but as an artistic necessity. He was aware of the miseries of mankind, and, if he was too little aware of the compensating joys, he at least never sank into sentimental lies. He was incapable, for example, of poetizing workhouses as "houses of kind restraint," as Dyer had done. Crabbe could not close his eyes to the evils of the system of "workhousing" the poor and sending them out, as a loan, to householders:—

"Alternate masters now their slave command,  
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand;  
And when his age attempts his task in vain,  
With ruthless taunts of lazy poor complain."

Truly, there is very little in good literature to suggest that the English village was ever the home of Corydon. Many writers have sentimentalized the village of the past. They have pictured the village of their own time as but a shadow and a ruin of something joyous that had once been. There is room for doubt, however, as to whether the golden age of the village ever existed. It is often merely a vision of one's careless childhood. Childhood creates its own pleasant world, and even the raggedest old woman seems a charming figure. One takes it for granted that she is as happy as one's self. She is a piece of nature, and nature is all good. When one grows up, one learns something about her miseries, and one thinks that the village is not so happy as it once was. But it is not the village—it is oneself—that has changed. Merrie England has no date in history. It occurs between the ages of five and fifteen. Perhaps it lasts even till twenty. Then we get to know better.

#### KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

"History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By H. VON TREITSCHKE. Vol. VI. (Jarrold and Allen & Unwin. 15s.)

THE sixth volume of Treitschke describes the closing years of the long reign of Frederick William III. and the opening years of his brilliant son. The seventh and concluding volume will bring the narrative to the eve of the revolution of 1848, when the thread was severed by the death of the historian.

After the ferment produced by the expulsion of the Bourbons in 1830 had subsided, Germany enjoyed a period of unaccustomed tranquillity which lasted till a new tidal wave starting in like manner from Paris, swept in a devastating flood over central Europe. It was an age of small men and petty events; but though political life was stagnant, the economic development of the nation was pushed steadily forward. The Zollverein had swept away the obstacles which strangled inter-State trade; but the industrial life of modern Germany began with the opening of the first railway from Nuremberg to Fürth in 1835. "It was the railways which shook the nation out of its economic stagnation, completing what the customs union had merely begun. So vigorously did they influence all the habits of life that by the 'forties the country had already assumed a completely different aspect. To our nation it will ever remain a joyful memory how speedily and resolutely this poor and politically disintegrated generation learned to avail itself of the world-transforming invention." The first ruler to realize the possibilities of cheap and rapid communication was the art-loving King Ludwig of Bavaria; but the prophet of the new era was Friedrich List, the most notable publicist of his time and one of the formative influences of Imperial Germany. While the politicians and investors were thinking mainly, if not exclusively, of their own little corner of the earth and their own petty commercial interests, List emancipated himself from the narrow particularism which was the curse of his country. "It was as pioneer in railway development that he performed his

greatest service to the nation and gained his place in the history of the Fatherland. In laboring for the Zollverein he had only expressed an aspiration already cherished by most of his contemporaries. Now, however, in his plans for a comprehensive network of railways covering the whole of Germany, he was far in advance of his countrymen. During his residence as a refugee in the United States he had witnessed the vigorous struggle of the human spirit with the elemental forces of nature, and observed a boldness of enterprise of which no one dreamed in the land of professors and officials." It was owing to his faith and energy that the first trunk line, between Dresden and Leipzig, was opened in 1839; and in a few years his dream of a Germany covered with railways was realized. As in the case of the Zollverein, the political results were no less important than the economic. To be a powerful State Germany had to become economically prosperous as well as politically united.

The tranquil waters of German life in the later 'thirties were ruffled by two storms, the echoes of which reverberated throughout the country. The first was caused by the accession to the throne of Hanover of Ernest Augustus when the death of his brother gave the British crown to Victoria. William IV., like most other people, had no love for the Duke of Cumberland, and had therefore appointed the Duke of Cambridge, a younger brother, as Viceroy of his German dominions. But as no woman could reign in Hanover, Ernest Augustus now entered on his heritage, and signalized his arrival by tearing up the Constitution. While the capital was still stunned by the blow, seven of the most distinguished Göttingen professors, among them Dahlmann and Gervinus, Ewald and the Grimms, signed a protest to the governing body of the University declaring themselves still bound by their oath of fealty to the constitution. They were promptly deprived of their chairs and chased beyond the frontier; but their courageous protest aroused gratitude and enthusiasm in Liberal circles in every state of the Federation. "The nation felt as if an English robber had suddenly broken into its garden," writes Treitschke with his characteristic Anglophobia; and he has warm words of praise for the seven, led by Dahlmann, his own revered teacher at Bonn. "The Göttingen coup eventuated in a great struggle carried on by the learned world against the despot who scornfully displayed his contempt for the sciences, and there was not a German University which failed to give them a sign of its approval." But the wider results were not altogether to the taste of our reactionary historian. "An overvaluation of constitutional forms became universally diffused, and the expulsion established the political power of the professional caste, which was not broken till 1866. Through this preponderance the doctrinaire tendencies which had from the first characterized German Liberalism were immediately strengthened."

The second storm arose when von Droste-Vischering succeeded to the see of Cologne in 1835, and, backed by Pope Gregory XVI., promptly challenged the might and majesty of the Prussian State. The point at issue was the old problem of mixed marriages. "As stubbornly and intractably as Ernest Augustus, and equally permeated with the belief in his own divine right, did the Archbishop march towards his goal. For him the secular authority did not exist." No Government could tolerate such open defiance of the law of the land, and the exalted rebel was promptly deposed; but the old King hated to be thought a persecutor of conscience, and his closing days were clouded by the quarrel. Prussia was merely vindicating its traditional policy of religious parity, and on this occasion, unlike Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* a generation later, the provocation came from Rome; but though Treitschke detested Clericalism as heartily as Liberalism, he censures the heavy-handed conduct of the Government, and attributes a large share of the mischief to the bungling of Bunsen, who had represented Prussia at the Vatican ever since the departure of Niebuhr.

On the accession of Frederick William IV. in 1840 the historian interrupts his narrative to paint an elaborate picture of the new ruler and his circle. The portrait of the King is less flattering than that of the Crown Prince in an earlier volume. "If only among all the promising plans cherished by him there had been but a single proposal fully matured and thought out with statesmanlike intelligence! But that passion for results which characterizes the man of action was unknown to him. Like a spectator at the play

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**W**HEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house I little thought it would be the means of helping me indirectly to obtain a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening, when things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties, someone suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First, he asked to be blindfolded securely, to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded, and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

**O**N the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing in it—simply a memory feat, the key to which could be learned in one evening. Then he told me the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Nearly anyone could develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how to quickly develop social popularity I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise, I discovered that my memory training had made my brain clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in other men.

My ability to remember things quickly attracted the attention of my employer, and promotion after promotion followed in rapid succession. I also found that my ability to remember helped me in dealing with other people; I could win them round to my way of thinking, simply because I could recall facts and figures the instant I required them.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. I have found that sound judgment is largely the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is largely due to the way I trained my memory.

**T**HESE are only a few of the ways I have profited by my trained memory. It has helped me to recall the names and faces of people I meet. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds I can recall much better than before I trained my memory.

My vocabulary, too, has increased. Whenever I see a striking word or expression I memorise it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort because I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since I started to train my memory my salary has steadily increased.

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he luxuriated in contemplating the abundant flow of his ideas, and during the long years of waiting he had almost forgotten to ask himself in what way his splendid fantasies were to be realized. Side by side on his writing-table at Sans Souci stood statuettes of the Venus of Milo, the pious Gellert, and the Tsar Nicholas, eloquent testimonies to the versatility of one who endeavored to understand all that was significant in art and science, State and Church, but who never became fully at home in anything. Ranke once exclaimed: 'He is master of us all!' Yet he was no master, but merely the greatest of those brilliant *dilettantes* who abound in our complex modern civilization. His splendidly but unhappily endowed mind, just as much as his physique, recalled the figure of Hamlet. He was full of beautiful and lofty ideas, but unstable in his resolves." Such qualities could not fail to produce "a disastrous reign"; and in Treitschke's eyes it is no merit that he was "the most pacific of all the Hohenzollern kings and the only one who was never engaged in a serious war."

When called upon in 1836 to receive the son of Louis Philippe at Berlin the Crown Prince had declared that he felt inclined to shed tears of humiliation. Such fanatical legitimism had never been known in Prussia, and Treitschke, reactionary though he was, had no patience with the "Christo-Germanic" school and its antiquated doctrine of the divine right of kings. The new King naturally surrounded himself with pious Conservatives like Radowitz and the Gerlachs, though Bunsen's piety was so eminent and Humboldt's society so attractive that they secured pardon for their academic Liberalism. Prussia had been well aware that so long as Frederick William III. was on the throne the Constitution promised in 1815 would not be granted; but on the change of ruler popular expectation ran high, and for a few months the brilliant, affable, and eloquent monarch was the darling of his people. But whereas the old King had merely shared the instinctive distrust of Liberal principles which pervaded the Courts of Europe after the immense disturbance of the French Revolution, his son was a far more determined enemy of responsible government, for he hated democracy as a deadly sin. He was prepared, and indeed determined, to summon representatives of the Provincial Diets to a central Landtag in Berlin; but even this modest resolve had to wait till 1847 for its fulfilment. The idea of an elected assembly representing the whole of Prussia and interfering with the royal prerogative was abhorrent to him; and the proposal to grant a written constitution, similar to that enjoyed by most of the other States of Germany, filled him with almost inarticulate rage. Nothing, he declared, should persuade him to interpose a scrap of paper between his faithful people and their ruler, who knew what they required and was responsible to God and his conscience for the fulfilment of his duties. This fundamental divergence between the minimum demands of the nation and the maximum concessions of the King darkened the opening years of the reign and culminated in the March Days of 1848.

The same gulf which yawned between Frederick William IV. and his subjects in regard to responsible government also separated ruler and people in the wider sphere of intellectual life. The monarch's policy of pious Conservatism was carried out by Eichhorn, the Minister of Education and Religion, who waged unceasing war against teachers and writers of radical and sceptical views. The dismissal of Bruno Bauer, the free-thinking critic of the Gospels, from Bonn was intelligible enough; but the eviction of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the popular and harmless author of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," was an unpardonable blunder. Those who were allowed to retain their posts were constantly subject to the exhortations and reproofs of the Minister. It was a curious coincidence that the most scholarly of the long line of Hohenzollern rulers, and the only one who loved the society of learned men, was also the most obscurantist. The discovery that the yoke of the new King was heavier than that of his father caused bitter disappointment to some of his early friends, among them Bettina von Arnim, Goethe's "Kind," who within a few months of his accession cried aloud: "We must save the King," and called on him to free himself from Eichhorn, Savigny, and the other men of parchment whom she found guilty of holding the German spirit in thrall.

Among the monarch's failings, in Treitschke's eyes, was his love of England; and there are no more acid pages in

this volume than those which relate the joint establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric. The horror inspired in Newman and Pusey by the co-operation of the Anglican and Lutheran Churches is known to every student of the Oxford Movement; but to our historian, who had no dogmatic belief, the cause of offence was political, not theological. It was enough to stir his wrath that the scheme emanated from the fertile brain of Bunsen, and that whereas the Prussian Church recognized the validity of Anglican orders, the Anglican Church declined to return the compliment. "As a political treaty the agreement was a monstrosity, for all the advantages were on the English side." The first Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the nominations were made alternately by the two Governments till Bismarck refused to exercise the right, and the experiment in ecclesiastical partnership came to an end. The worst feature of the incident, however, in Treitschke's view, was that Bunsen, who was sent to London as a special envoy, remained as Prussian Minister in Carlton House Terrace. "Bülow was transferred to Frankfurt, and in the nomination of his successor the King displayed a consideration unprecedented in the history of diplomacy by submitting to Queen Victoria three names. There could hardly be any doubt about the answer, seeing that in the recent negotiations Bunsen had yielded so complacently to all the British wishes. It was impossible for England to make a better choice and for Prussia to make a worse. The weakest of the Great Powers needed as its representatives men inspired with vigorous Prussian pride, men who would relentlessly maintain the independent dignity of a State that was as yet hardly accepted as an equal. But Bunsen had already through his English wife been half-transformed into an Englishman. State and Church, land and people of the wealthy island were viewed by him in a rose-tinted light. In London, no less than in Rome, he regarded as a political victory every mark of personal kindness, and he seriously believed that the most ungenial of all nations could be won by geniality. The English contemplated their ardent admirer with subdued irony, and did not hesitate to turn to advantage his unrequited affection. It was impossible for an enthusiast who was ever ready to swallow soft words to acquire any influence over the cold English men of affairs." Scarcely more charitable is the picture of Bunsen's friend, the Prince Consort, who, "in the cold and cheerless life of England, lost the geniality which distinguishes the cultured German," and who, "like all the Coburgs, was devoid of genuine religious feelings."

The present volume contains fewer sketches of intellectual movements than its predecessors; but scattered through its pages are a good many portraits of writers, thinkers, and artists. We are introduced to Clausewitz on war; we watch Schelling transferred from Munich to Berlin in order to counteract the detested Hegelians, and the painter Cornelius similarly exchanging the service of the Wittelsbachs for that of the Hohenzollerns. Mendelssohn preferred Leipzig to the Prussian capital; but Ruckert and the aged Tieck accepted the patronage of the King, who was among the first to recognize the talent of Geibel and to help the poet through the difficult years of youth. A historian of virile and indeed martial temperament like Treitschke could not be expected to appreciate such a feminine character as Frederick William IV.; but there is no substantial injustice in his picture of the monarch whose vain endeavors to keep his people in leading strings led straight to the cataclysm of 1848.

G. P. GOOCH.

#### GREEK VASE PAINTING.

"A Handbook of Greek Vase-Painting." By MARY A. B. HERFORD, M.A. (Manchester: At the University Press; Longmans, Green. 9s. 6d.)

STUDENTS of Greek vase-painting have long stood in need of a competent handbook; the materials of their study are widely scattered and not always easily accessible. The Manchester University Press, which has recently made such substantial contributions to the science of mythology, again deserves well of the State by adding to its classical series Miss Herford's convenient manual. We have, perhaps, to thank the Armistice for the fact that almost coincidentally with the appearance of Miss Herford's manual, comes the



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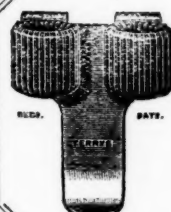
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publication of Dr. Hoppin's "Handbook of Red-figured Vases," and Mr. Beazley's "Attic Red-figured Vases in American Museums," both of which works, owing to the generosity of their authors, Miss Herford has been able to lay under contribution. The student is now no longer dependent either on Mr. Walter's excellent "History of Ancient Pottery," a book whose scope, bulk, and price, set it beyond the ordinary student's range, or on Miss Harrison's "Greek Vases" a work planned wholly for artists, not archaeologists.

Miss Herford has done a difficult work well. In Part I. she gives us three excellent chapters on the craft of pottery in general, on vase shapes, and on the uses of vases. In Part II. (Historical), we have a full and lucid discussion of black-figure styles, Attic red-figured and white ground vases, and vase painting in Italy under Attic influences. Occasionally, it is true, we are pulled up short by an amazing artistic comparison. What possessed Miss Herford to parallel the bombast and melodrama of Assteas with the stark intensity of Blake? Surely nothing short of the *Mavia* of Assteas himself. But, on the whole, facts are correct and judgment sober.

When, however, we turn to the chapter on "Early Vases," and especially on Cretan pottery, we must confess disappointment. The space allotted—three pages—to Crete and Mycene, and the treatment in general, is wholly inadequate. Cretan chronology is based securely on Egyptian synchronisms, but we have only the barest mention that Kamareas ware is found in XIIth dynasty Egypt—the famous "stirrup vases," invaluable as "Mycenean notes" are not even mentioned. The writer seems not to have grasped the simple illuminating fact, first brought to light, we believe, by Mr. J. A. K. Thomson, that Greek colonies followed in the track of Minoan trade settlements, a fact crucial for the history of Greek art as well as Greek civilization. In a book largely, and, on the whole, well illustrated, a single vase (pp. 47, Fig. 5) stands for all the splendor of Crete, and that a specimen of late decadence.

#### LIGHT READING.

- "Snake Bite." By ROBERT HICHENS. (Cassell. 7s. net.)  
 "Mufti." By "SAPPER." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)  
 "The Obstinate Lady." By W. E. NORRIS. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

THE well-known aroma of Mr. Hichens's *Desert* puffs out in our faces as we open the covers of "Snake Bite," richly ammoniac like the whiffs of ozone that breathe draughtily forth from the portals of the Tube. Mr. Hichens has distilled, essentialized and preserved within the fireproof vials of his work all that that magic word, the East, connotes, vaguely enough, in the minds of the great British public. Every people is fabulous to its neighbors; beyond their own frontiers nations see countries inhabited by caricatures and humors. The impassive English aristocrat has never fully existed outside a French novel, nor the vaporing Frenchman beyond the bounds of our own English comedy. A century has seen the birth and death of three fabulous German types, the melancholy Romantic, the gross, kindly beer-drinker, and finally the bloody apostle of frightfulness. And it is the same with the East. Not long ago Miss Florrie Ford toured the halls with an unforgettable song of which the refrain ran thus:—

"Talk about the West End with its wonderful sights!  
 But O-o-oh! those Arabian nights . . . ."

Oh, those Arabian nights! How well we know them: nights of fever, electrical with passion, sinister, sexual. The West End is indeed a poor place beside the Orient, whether it be Scheherazade's expensive harem or the bare, but unabashed, desert so dear to Mr. Hichens. It is good to have a place in which one can palpitate at ease, untrammelled by conventions or commandments. In certain moods most of us feel that Mr. Hichens's desert is a spiritual home. Prudent folk will lay in a copy of "Snake Bite" against their next bout of green-sickness.

"Sapper's" hero is "one of the Breed"; "on matters connected with literature, or art, or music, his knowledge was microscopic. Moreover, he regarded with suspicion anyone who talked intelligently on such subjects." On the other hand, he possessed plenty of money and could play a passable game of polo. England's future, as we all know, depends on

the preservation of the Breed; for the Breed is something mystical, the inviolate white bulldog of the Lord. Touch but a hair of its head, take away its money, educate it (oh, final insult! educate it . . .), and, to quote Sapper's memorable phrase, "the cranks will be delighted; but the Empire will gnash its teeth." We seem to hear a faint premonitory gnashing over the possible fate of Derek Vane; for in defiance of all the best traditions of the Breed, he spends his time in contemplating the problems of life and in the search for truth. He has got as far as talking to a Labor Leader and discovering that there may, perhaps, be something to be said for the other side, when the book stops. In the sequel, who knows? we may find him among the High Brows.

There is something about the Obstinate Lady which, in the charming words of a well-known advertisement, "recalls the delicious blends of forty years ago"—and this in spite of the fact that the war is frequently mentioned in its pages. Delicious blends of good men and bad men, engagements, sudden deaths, and wills: the best possible non-intoxicating beverage for family use. Into the main plot is fitted a little literary drama, in which a young poet, a malicious critic and a genial writer, who makes his money by bad plays and his reputation by obscure novels, play their respective parts. Henry James would have made something enormously subtle and delightful out of this little underplot. In Mr. Norris's hands it is just pleasant and old-fashioned and straightforward like the rest of the book.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Spiritualism: The Inside Truth." By STUART CUMBERLAND. (Odhams. 2s.)

MR. CUMBERLAND, who has travelled round the world seeking for proofs of supernaturalism, has found none, but he has learned a great deal about the tricks of conjurors and mediums. He describes how they are worked, and tells some amusing stories. The disbeliever will be convinced, but Mr. Cumberland recognizes that the clearest demonstration cannot shake the faith of the believers who do not wish to disbelieve.

#### The Week in the City.

SCANT attention was paid by the City to the Premier's message and the free distribution of "The Future" had little effect upon markets. The Stock Exchange was far more interested on Monday in the opening of dealings in the Funding Loan and Victory Bonds. The former opened at 78½ and closed at 78 to 78½ ex dividend, which, allowing for the interest due in November, represents a discount of about 15s. on the issue price. More attention was paid to Victory Bonds, which opened at 85½ and closed at 85 to 85½ for the fully paid stock. The Consol Market has shown signs of weakness during the week, there being some uncertainty as to the manner in which the Government will deal with the Exchequer Bonds—some thirty to forty millions—which mature next month. Their place may possibly be taken by Treasury Bills, for which there is a keen demand at present. Between now and April next provision has to be made for about 180 millions of maturing Exchequer Bonds. Other departments of the Stock Exchange have been steady, the activity of oil and shipping shares being noticeable features. Interest has largely centred in the movement of the Exchanges, especially in the depreciation of the franc and the mark, the latter being quoted in the neighborhood of 125 to the £, a result largely of the enormous inflation of the German currency. A further rise in the price of silver was recorded as a result of an announcement by the Indian Government raising the price of the rupee to 2s. Heavy imports of gold from Belgium and Holland as disclosed in last week's "London Gazette" attracted attention, the suggestion being that German gold is being sent, through this country, to the United States in payment for foodstuffs purchased there. Last week's conditions in the Money Market have been repeated, the Market being obliged to borrow from the Bank in the early part of the week. Discount business has been small, but rates were steady.

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